FORUM and Century

The Magazine of Controversy. Its method is to give a fair and friendly hearing to both sides, all sides, of important questions of the day. Its practice is, in an age of shifting authority, of relativity and specialization, to apply common sense both to threadbare tradition and to glittering novelty. Its object is, by stimulating independent thinking, to promote sound individualism in a democracy.

HENRY GODDARD LEACH, *Editor*

Editorial FOREWORD

PRESIDENT HOOVER has demonstrated that he has within him reserves of sterner stuff than brave exhortations to individualism and cheering prophesies of prosperity. In recent weeks he has asserted a surprising capacity for action and leadership, at least in our international relations. His proposal of a moratorium on international debts was but for one year and was only one of many possible acts that obvious common sense could dictate as measures calculated to avert the menace of planetary as well as national panic, yet it came as such a heartening surprise to a discouraged world that in a few days values rose — according to one estimate, more than the total amount of the war debts. If the exercise of his leadership in foreign affairs is so electrifying, what effect might Mr. Hoover produce by concrete action at home?

LET US put our own house in order. During the first stages of the depression our chief grief was the shrinkage of values. There was plenty of money in the savings bank and the dinner pail was full. Wages were bravely maintained "on stilts" where dividends were cut. But as the third winter of our discontent draws near, the human factor becomes more pressing than the monetary. The social problem becomes more acute than the economic. "Should Wages Be Cut?" is the subject of a debate in this issue of THE FORUM between a financial expert and an industrial leader. The financier makes a strong case when he maintains that it would be better for all to have jobs at part time with lower wages than to have many suffer in order that the wage scale of those who are able to keep their jobs may be artificially maintained at prosperity levels. At the same time the industrialist presents an able brief for providing consumption power and keeping up the standard of living. His appeal to the President to call a special session of Congress early in the autumn to consider the very human problem of employment may be expected to strike home to many of our readers.

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FORUM

Next Month

COMMUNISM OR THE CATHOLIC CHURCH?

George N. Shuster

"Fifteen years ago the nations of the West were fighting for victory; to-day they are fighting for life" — and the Enemy, Mr. Shuster maintains, is communism. He finds the world ripe for it, and he sees no one taking the lead against it but the Pope. In this article he tells why he believes the Catholic Church to be the last hope of western civilization.

MARIANNE IN CLOVER

Edward Angly

Mr. Angly points out that while everyone else is badly off France is resting comfortably, with a tidy sum of gold in her treasury and sufficient employment for most of her citizens. There is a reason for it, and it lies in the direction opposite to communism. Some of the American business men who are breathlessly reading up on Russia would do well to pause and lend an ear to what Mr. Angly has to say about France.

WHAT IS NEWS?

Stanley Walker

When Rudolph Valentino and Charles W. Eliot died simultaneously, conservative readers were shocked to see Valentino accorded large newspaper headlines while Eliot was relegated to an inside page. Stanley Walker, who, as City Editor, has much to do with such decisions for the New York *Herald Tribune*, tells how a newspaper decides what is important in the day's events.

REFLECTIONS ON A ROTTEN APPLE

G. K. Chesterton

The world's greatest juggler of paradoxes tries his hand at the world's greatest paradox — "The more we produce the less we possess."

THE SUPREME COURT GOES LIBERAL

Joseph Percival Pollard

"Holmes and Brandeis dissenting" for a long time ran like a reprise through the recorded decisions of the Supreme Court. Fifteen years these two liberals held out against the overwhelmingly conservative majority of the Court, and at last in 1930, when Hughes and Roberts joined them, they carried the balance. The vast social importance of this shift is explained by Mr. Pollard.

STANDARDS

James Truslow Adams

A sane discussion of the difficulties which every man encounters in this age of rebellion and relativity in setting up standards for the conduct of his life. Mr. Adams succeeds in clarifying the problem and revealing the ground upon which standards may still be built.

TELEVISION

George Tichenor

Where is it getting? What is holding it back? Will it ever be commercially practical? Who will profit by it? There is more going on in the television industry than meets the eye, as the author discloses.

FOREWORD

Continued

THE September FORUM also contains a vivid report of the sad state of the unemployed in the city of Detroit. Particularly poignant is Mr. Walker's description of the plight of John Boris, honest and industrious father of eight children, who placed his faith in Henry Ford and bettered his job year after year only to be told one day that he was fired, that this time it was "not 'lay-off' but 'finish.'" Last winter the city of Detroit did a good job in feeding thousands of factory unemployed. Now the mayor is out of funds.

AMERICAN labor — like John Boris — has until now been patient and cheerful during this depression, as in no previous period of deflation. This is due to national progress in individual responsibility and frankness between employer and employee. But how long can labor be expected to refrain from raiding the brick yards? Already in the coal fields communism is being talked in ugly mood.

IS IT NOT a chief and immediate responsibility of the President to cut the red tape of waiting for something to happen and strike at temporary unemployment with some definite measure? Professor Beard, in his magnificently conceived "Five-Year Plan for America," in the July FORUM, indicated as an immediate palliative for the labor situation a vast program of national housing which would include the building of model farms and modern tenements. In addition to housing there are, waiting for the unemployed, other jobs more useful than last winter's makeshifts of picking up newspapers in public parks.

INTELLIGENT leadership can and will find a way to provide for the American unemployed this winter. At the same time it behooves both industry and government, in addition to providing temporary jobs, to devise some technique to guarantee self-support in bad times as well as good. Social insurance enforced by government may be inevitable, but it ought to be dictated to industry by common sense. For hope and the sense of security are necessary to the maximum efficiency of labor. This principle is being pointed out daily in correspondence with captains of industry by Mr. John R. Hall of New York, who is devoting his life to devising voluntary retirement plans instead of compulsory insurance. Security does not dampen initiative; it incites to better work. The chronic sense of insecurity is in large part responsible for America's "nerves." The national fear of losing one's job is a condition that an enlightened American capitalism will not much longer endure.

HENRY GODDARD LEACH

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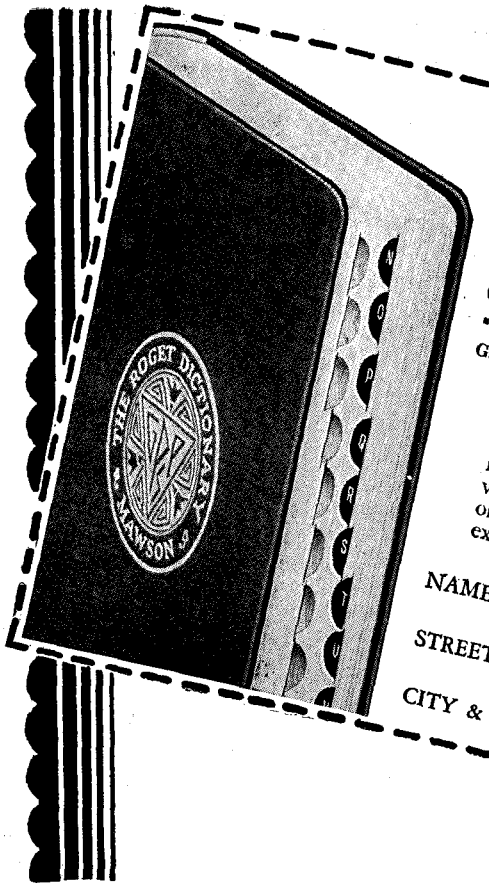

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They swayed about upon a rocking-horse, and thought it Pegasus. — KEATS

Reviews by

JOHN CHAMBERLAIN **FRANCES WARFIELD**
GRANVILLE HICKS **VIRGILIA PETERSON ROSS**

A New Arcadia

MEXICO: A STUDY OF TWO AMERICAS, by Stuart Chase, in collaboration with Marian Tyler; illustrated by Diego Rivera; Macmillan, $3.00.
Reviewed by JOHN CHAMBERLAIN.

LAST MAY, during a week-end in Pennsylvania, I blundered into a conversation about Governor Pinchot's proposed Fair Rates Board with some suggestions relating to social control of public utilities. One of the disputants, an employee of the local electric light and power company, said he might be satisfied with the suggestions (and with Mr. Pinchot's hypothetical board) *if he happened to be working for the government.* Meanwhile, he was faced with loss of his job if the utilities were forced to retrench, and he didn't see that Mr. Pinchot was going to take care of him. His argument for the *status quo* ran this way: Progress depends on an excess of capital; therefore, the utilities need to milk the public a bit. The man in the laboratory must be subsidized. As evidence of Progress he showed me his kitchen, which was replete with electric orange squeezer, electric egg beater, and electric waffle iron. There was no answering him — until, in July, he lost his job anyway, a victim of the Business Cycle which attends the spurts and pauses of Progress. He still had his electric orange squeezer, but just at the moment he would be happy to trade it in for even the faintest trace of an uncaptured job.

Things like this don't happen in Mexico, which has no electric orange squeezers to speak of, and Stuart Chase is fairly certain that Mexicans — the Indian and mestizo population — are much the better off because of the relative stability of a maize and handicraft culture. The beautiful lack of the acquisitive spirit in Mexicans, the hundred days a year of fiesta, have the eyes of America's liveliest economist popping from his head. He argues the attraction of the Tepoztlan pattern of life eloquently in this book. An incident will drive home his point: when he visited Yucatan in the fall of 1930, in the midst of an all-time bottom in the henequin fiber market, he said, "This is terrible. Unemployment spreading, starvation in the villages. Is the Red Cross active; have you appointed relief committees? . . ." The reply was a stare, plus some basic information. Mr. Chase, with the air of a masochist donning a hair shirt, records this information: ". . . the third estate did not even know there was a depression. . . . Corn, beans, squash, eggs, chicken, turkeys, wild game, chocolate, is the village menu. Nobody is ever seriously hungry. . . . Stomach-ache is the ranking disease."

Of course this is putting the contrast between men with machines and machineless men into crude black-and-white, and readers who do not follow Mr. Chase carefully will be apt to discover in him only another one of Irving Babbitt's idolators of the Noble Savage. But the careless reader, under the spell of paragraph after paragraph evocative of Mayan and Aztec culture, of the simple and dignified communal life in the unspoiled, pre-Castilian Mexican village, will overlook the few sentences in which Mr. Chase shows how aware he is of the other side of the picture. The liveliest economist knows all too well the Spanish legacy of disease and ignorance, although he does not dwell on these. He prefers to be lyric. After much fascinating history and description, *Mexico: A Study of Two Americas* broadly advises the descendants of Montezuma to sit on the fence for a while, balancing the pros and the cons. Middletown has good doctors, but the pattern of play in that typical Indiana town is hardly inspired. Let the Mexicans, says Mr. Chase, go in heartily for the Yankee's medical science, let them continue rural education (the most vital bequest of the revolution which ended the Peace of Diaz), let them explore the uses of electric power, which might release the native woman from hours of drudgery that result from grinding corn by hand. But let them beware of all piling aboard a Model A Ford and setting out for Zenith. By all means let them preserve their native crafts.

All this makes excellent sense: Mr. Chase is no enemy of the machine in its place, and most of us will admit that its place is by now inalienable, even in countries where salt water has seeped into the oil fields and the typography often stands on end. Most of us will admit, too, that the Mexican, with his "damned wantlessness," has no need of a string of gadgets passing in swift review from manufacturer to high-pressure salesman to consumer to junk pile. And most of us will agree that Mr. Chase, with his handy balance-sheet formula (why doesn't he publish his books in red and black ink?), has done a fine journeyman job in *Mexico.* If the informative (as distinguished from the philosophic) value of the book lies in its vulgarization of the Messrs. Redfield, Gruening, Brenner, Beals, *et. al.*, Mr. Chase, with his habit of candor, would be the first to admit it. He is writing down for the little colossi of the North.

One's fear is that *Mexico* is prelude to an avalanche of books that will send the American scurrying from Les Deux Magots to Mexico City. Looking at Diego Rivera's effortless and pure illustrations, we offer a prayer: "Let us hope not — but, O Quetzalcoatl, make an exception in favor of allowing me time, strength, and cash (I don't need the patience) to go to Tepoztlan."

Bright Incidents

SHADOWS ON THE ROCK, by Willa Cather; Knopf, $2.50.
Reviewed by GRANVILLE HICKS.

"WHEN," writes Miss Cather, "an adventurer carries his gods with him into a remote and savage country, the colony he founds will, from the beginning,

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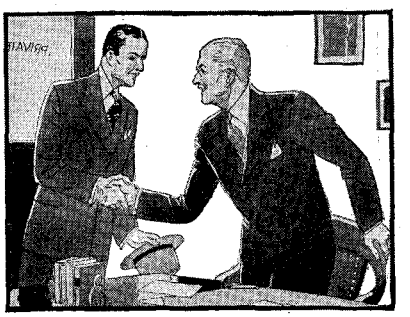

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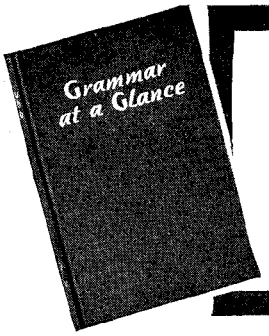

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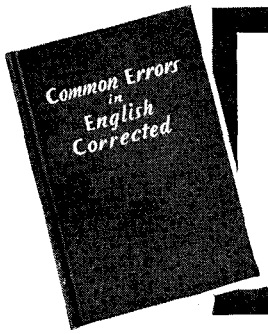

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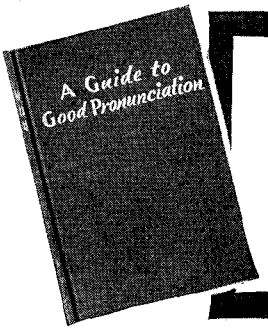

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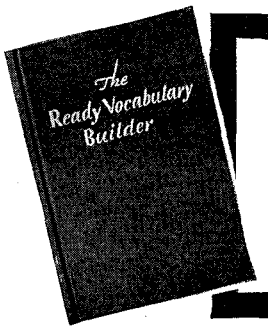

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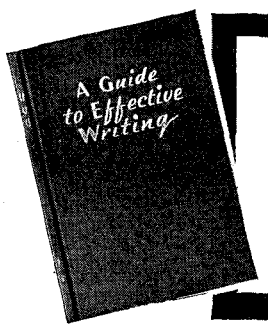

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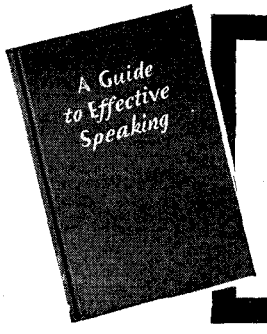

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now poor neville ought to do as doctor cadman tells all to

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have graces, traditions, riches of the mind and spirit. Its history will shine with bright incidents, slight, perhaps, but precious, as in life itself, where the great matters are often as worthless as astronomical distances, and the trifles dear as the heart's blood."

It is with "bright incidents, slight, perhaps, but precious," that this story of Quebec in 1697 and 1698, the last year of Frontenac's life, is concerned. For the most part they are incidents that illustrate the paradox of life in such a settlement: the men and women that they introduce are poised between the vast uncertainties of frontier isolation and the unshaken, very real, very consoling certainties of their faith. As we see them — the apothecary Auclair and his daughter, Bishop Laval and Bishop de Saint-Vallier, Father Hector, Pierre Charron, and Frontenac himself — they move in two worlds, both far removed from modern experience and for that reason romantically attractive to many modern minds. Tenderly, delicately, Miss Cather presents these precious incidents of hers, thus recreating, in a not at all unconvincing fashion, a cultural and spiritual situation glamorous in itself and made doubly glamorous by the magic of her pen.

Especially when taken together with *Death Comes for the Archbishop*, this new novel helps to define Miss Cather's position among contemporary writers; indeed, it makes quite clear why she is and always has been a minor artist. She has always, it will be remembered, been interested in local color, and her own estimate of her debt to Sarah Orne Jewett is perhaps not exaggerated. In her best books, *O Pioneers!* and *My Antonia*, the characters so completely reflect and represent the background that her talents for description lend themselves to the purpose of the stories, and the books are vitalized and at least superficially unified. In other works, however, notably *The Song of the Lark* and *The Professor's House*, she introduces long passages of her favorite kind of description, chiefly, so far as can be discerned, for their own sake. And now, in these two latest books, she devotes herself, with no apologies and no other purpose, to the re-creation of picturesque phases of the remote American past.

But what, someone may ask, is the harm of engaging in such an enterprise? Since Miss Cather writes with beauty and presents her characters with insight, since she extends our experience in at least one direction, what more can we ask of her? These are reasonable questions, but there is an answer to them that *Shadows on the Rock* inevitably suggests. Like *Death Comes for the Archbishop*, the novel is diffuse: Miss Cather lets her imagination play over a variety of her bright incidents but never focuses it sharply upon any centralizing theme. Like *One of Ours*, it evades many problems that the material logically raises. Like most of her books, it is elegiac, beguiling its readers with pictures of a life that has disappeared, and deliberately exploiting the remoteness of that life in order to cast a golden haze about it.

In other words, whatever its virtues, *Shadows on the Rock* betrays a failure of the will. Even its style, effective and appropriate though it is, suggests a kind of passivity; and the characters have the appearance of life chiefly because the author persuades us that it is natural to see them through a glowing mist. In short, Miss Cather is a highly endowed craftsman, but her endowment does not include the kind of disciplined resolution that must guide the imagination of a great writer. To-day, perhaps even more than in the past, it takes stern stuff to make a novelist. Miss Cather, one is forced to conclude, has always been soft; and now she has abandoned herself to her softness.

Proust's Paris

YEARS OF PLENTY, by E. de Gramont; Cape & Smith, $3.00.
Reviewed by FRANCES WARFIELD.

THROUGH Pre-War Paris with a Lorgnette. Care to go? The surroundings are nice. Polished drawing-rooms, satin and plumes, swans and balustrades. Distinguished elderly men join the ladies with state secrets in their portfolios. Ravishing ladies lean forward and intelligently discuss the destinies of Europe. Princesses, Countesses, Duchesses. The author herself is a Duchess. You will have glimpses of Boni de Castellane, of Queen Victoria's Bad Boy, of the Shah of Persia, and W. K. Vanderbilt. Of artists, writers, and musicians, for it is a poor lorgnette which overlooks the arts. All the while remaining, in spirit, in the Avenue du Bois de Boulogne of the 1900's, street of lace parasols, visiting cards, and toilettes by Doucet and Worth — Marcel Proust's Paris, where carriage wheels glide smoothly and there is the incessant, silver tinkle of light chit-chat.

From every epoch there emerge women whose function is to be surrounded by small excited cries of, "Oh, did you really know him? What was he like? What did he say to you? *Do* tell us!" Elizabeth de Gramont is one of these. Born into society's inner circle, she knew France's distinguished men and women from childhood. She has had intelligence enough to learn from them — but not too much intelligence. Wit enough to observe them — but not too much wit. Her book — a sequel to *Pomp and Circumstance* — is a sketchy, mildly anecdotal panorama including Mt. Sainte-Geneviève, Mont-

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Books

martre, Montparnasse, the Bois de Vincennes, the race courses, and Northern Africa. An incomplete panorama — a lorgnette's-eye view, to be sure. An unsatisfactory one, if you hope for new revelations or new knowledge.

The author has known almost everyone of interest in Paris since the beginning of the century and tells little things about them all. Clemenceau never allowed unflattering comments about himself to reach his ears. Painlevé can discuss science with Einstein. Briand's face, in repose, is the face of a burglar. D'Annunzio once used a whip to quiet a lady who loved him unwisely and too well. Degas used a Greco to hang his trousers on. Barrès detested parties. Anatole France hated women who talked literature to him and longed for a young and pretty one "who would think Hamlet meant omelet!" And so on. Always the tinkle of chit-chat, suspended occasionally for a penetrating or appreciative bit of analysis, for, much as the young democrats who pound café tables with their fists after midnight may doubt it, there is shrewd comment to be heard in drawing-rooms.

There is little that is memorable about the book, except its flavor. It is sketchily written for the most part, unaided by a rather bumpy translation. But those were sunny years, when France was rich and gay and Paul Poiret looked at Persia and swathed all smart Parisiennes in turbans; when cold-cream endorsements were undreamed-of and enough bona fide royalty remained to give society some spice. No wonder Elizabeth de Gramont turns from the blight of commonplaceness which afflicts post-war Europe to record her memories. To-day's busy democrats, whose world she could not possibly understand, might take time to try to savor and to understand hers.

Grim Past

GOD IN THE STRAW PEN, by John Fort: Dodd, Mead, $2.00.
Reviewed by VIRGILIA PETERSON ROSS.

THE various contributions to Americana, swarming through present-day literature, make you profoundly uneasy. Stories of far-off settlements in the wilderness of a hundred years ago, reflecting the temper of this country, paint a strange picture of our heritage. They point the way to vitality, to endurance, to brawn and backbone. They also point the way to stubborn minds, half-baked emotions, and ruthless, distorted spirits. In his foreword, Mr. Fort claims that "there is no escape from the ancestral mould." We have, then, close at heel, these men and women whose physical bravado hid a destitution of the senses. Behind us, yet overshadowing, lurks a life wherein there was neither beauty nor the desire for it.

In the summer of 1830, at the village of Ryall Springs, Georgia, a Methodist revival was to take place. Isham Lowe, versed in the technique of soul-saving, came with his shy, unwilling protégé, John Semple, to lead the sinners to God. All the neighborhood of Ryall Springs simmered with preparation. Now, at last, after months of pinched bellies and forlorn monotony, excitement was at hand. Wholly inarticulate, surcharged with unconscious passion, the neighborhood trembles at the prospect of release.

In a space cleared of trees, on rows of logs squared for seats, the crowd spread. The pulpit stood on a rise of ground and around it lay a pen, filled with straw, awaiting the prostrations of the evil-doers who would hear the call. Women who had traveled barefoot along the road carrying their babies, women who had bumped to the meeting place in wagons, men with bottles in their pockets and men with solemn faces, children hushed or weeping, sat heavily, their eyes riveted upon the preachers' stand, sat patient and watchful, till the word should be spoken to release the storm-springs within them. Beyond the pale of the woods, horses neighed, dogs barked, and a few mockers whispered. Down by the river, a woman, the only person in the district to shun the camp, looked toward it bitterly. "I ain't givin' a God damn," she said aloud.

The orbit of the story turns on the struggle between Isham Lowe and John Semple. Seven years before, Lowe had given food to young John when he was starving, had rescued him from thieving exile, had taught him, had, in fact, taken him, as a son, to his bosom, on the one condition that John should follow in his tracks, become a preacher, and shout the news of eternal damnation to sinners across the breadth of the land. John had tried hard to save a soul during his long apprenticeship. Coached, wheedled, and exhorted by Lowe, he had raised his hands and his voice in the name of the Lord. He had seen thousands of people bent and twisted, like grain in a blast of wind, at his words. Yet now, after seven years, he was ill, frightened, and unconvinced. In some inner recess of his mind, he hated Isham Lowe, while still he yielded to him. The peak of the unspoken battle between these two preachers looms into being on the hot, bright evening which opens the Ryall Springs revival.

A false note sounds in the tale when the "cotton snobs," a gentleman and his beribboned niece, having joined the meeting late and antagonized both the preacher and the howling sinners, make a curiously lifeless escape. The Methodists and the Georgia poor, however, stand alive. The cumulative, pounding oratory and the

The Ancient Herdsman With His Flock Gave Us Our Word

Congregation

The symbolism so beautifully expressed in David's Twenty-third Psalm is fully justified by the origins of our words *congregation* and *pastor*.

The Latin word *grex, gregis* means "flock" or "herd" and is the basis for the word *congregare*, meaning "to collect into a flock." From this source comes the Latin word *congregatio*, and in turn, our own word *congregation*, which, therefore, goes back to the original meaning, "a flock of sheep." The word *pastor* carries out the same symbolism. Latin *pascere, pastum*, means "to pasture," "to feed." From this word comes Latin *pastor*, "a shepherd" or "one who has the care of flocks." The same word in English means "a keeper of souls" or "minister of a church." The two words, therefore, preserve the symbolism of the shepherd and his flock as applied to the pastor and his congregation.

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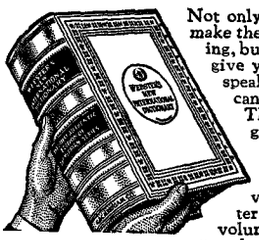

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Books in Brief

PORTRAITS IN MINIATURE, by Lytton Strachey; Harcourt, Brace, $2.50.

WHATEVER the arguments against highly spiced biography, Mr. Lytton Strachey's famous method, with its emphasis on witty, colorful portraiture and dramatic interpretation, is precisely suited to such essays as these. As the title indicates, his new book is a collection of informal vignettes — chiefly of piquant but relatively obscure people — which is not to be taken so seriously as his formal biographies but which will inevitably be a delight to devotees of *belles lettres*, and especially to those with a taste for the curious bypaths of history and literature. Here are Sir John Harington, that elegant Elizabethan who translated Ariosto and simultaneously invented the water-closet; the Président de Brosses, a stubborn and short-sighted worthy who got the better of Voltaire in a petty financial squabble and so forfeited his chance to join the immortals in the Academy; Muggleton, who founded a religion which still exists; Emmanuel de Coulanges, who swam in the orbit of his cousin, Madame de Sévigné; the choleric and unfortunate Dr. Colbatch; and the Abbé Morellet, who knew *la douceur de vivre*. In addition to his portraits of these and other half-forgotten personalities, Mr. Strachey has devoted a series of slightly more weighty essays to six English historians: Hume, Gibbon, Macaulay, Carlyle, Froude, and Creighton. Chiefly, however, his book is to be recommended for its great charm and for the characteristic brilliance of Mr. Strachey's style.

PERSONALS, by Eleanor DeLamater; Farrar & Rinehart, $2.00.

DESPITE the odds against it, Miss DeLamater has invented a new device for constructing a novel. She takes a column of dull and trivial "personals" from a small town weekly and, devoting a chapter to each apparently insignificant item, builds up the dramas which lie behind them. All these dramas are somehow interwoven with the larger drama of the Britton family — whether the local notes report Miss Carrie Willow's acquisition of a handsome dressmaking diploma or the winning by little Florence Widgell of a school medal. These Brittons — the aristocrats of Steepleton — are passionately attached to their patriarchal estate on Riggs Island, and live a narrow, self-absorbed life from which young Rae Britton vainly tries to escape. The book is chiefly concerned with that attempt, and ends with Rae's final capitulation to the family destiny because of her love for a Britton cousin. Miss DeLamater has interlocked the various threads of her story very skilfully and ingeniously — almost, in fact, too ingeniously. She goes to such elaborate pains to interrelate the various items in the column that the final effect is one of artificiality. Her book is, however, sensitively written and genuinely interesting. Starting with self-imposed restrictions, she builds out of seemingly meager material a rounded picture of a tiny society.

THE SHORTEST NIGHT, by G. B. Stern; Knopf, $2.50.

EVEN our best authors are not immune from the urge to write a detective story. G. B. Stern, the latest victim to succumb, has a happy disregard for the sacred rules of technique. She is guilty of amateurish blunders which are calculated to alienate such oracles as Carolyn Wells, Dorothy Sayers, and Father Ronald Knox, but she has, nevertheless, written a charming and amusing if illegitimately constructed tale. The dialogue and doings of the sophisticated young people collected by Sophia Framlingham in her villa on the Riviera are so entertaining in themselves that one does not much care who murdered Fred Poole one wild night when the Mistral was blowing outside. By the time one finishes reading about the gay and unconventional life which they led — so sharply contrasted to the life of Lady Humber's neighboring villa — one is in so mellow a mood that one is prepared to forgive the preposterous solution to the murder. This book is good fun.

HATTER'S CASTLE, by A. J. Cronin; Little, Brown, $2.50.

IT CAN be stated almost without fear of contradiction that there is on display in *Hatter's Castle* more stark misery, more cruelty, and more exquisite mental torture than in any novel of recent years. It is, however, so powerfully written and so vivid in its detail that it holds you in a mournful grip from which you disengage yourself only with keen regret. Mr. Cronin tells the story of the tragedy and suffering that a Scotch father, with strange delusions, inflicts on his family. The book is divided into parts, each devoted to the slow destruction of the individual members of the family. Mr. Cronin's touch becomes increasingly diabolic until his climax is reached in the suicide of the youngest Brodie daughter. The motive is fear of her father's rage

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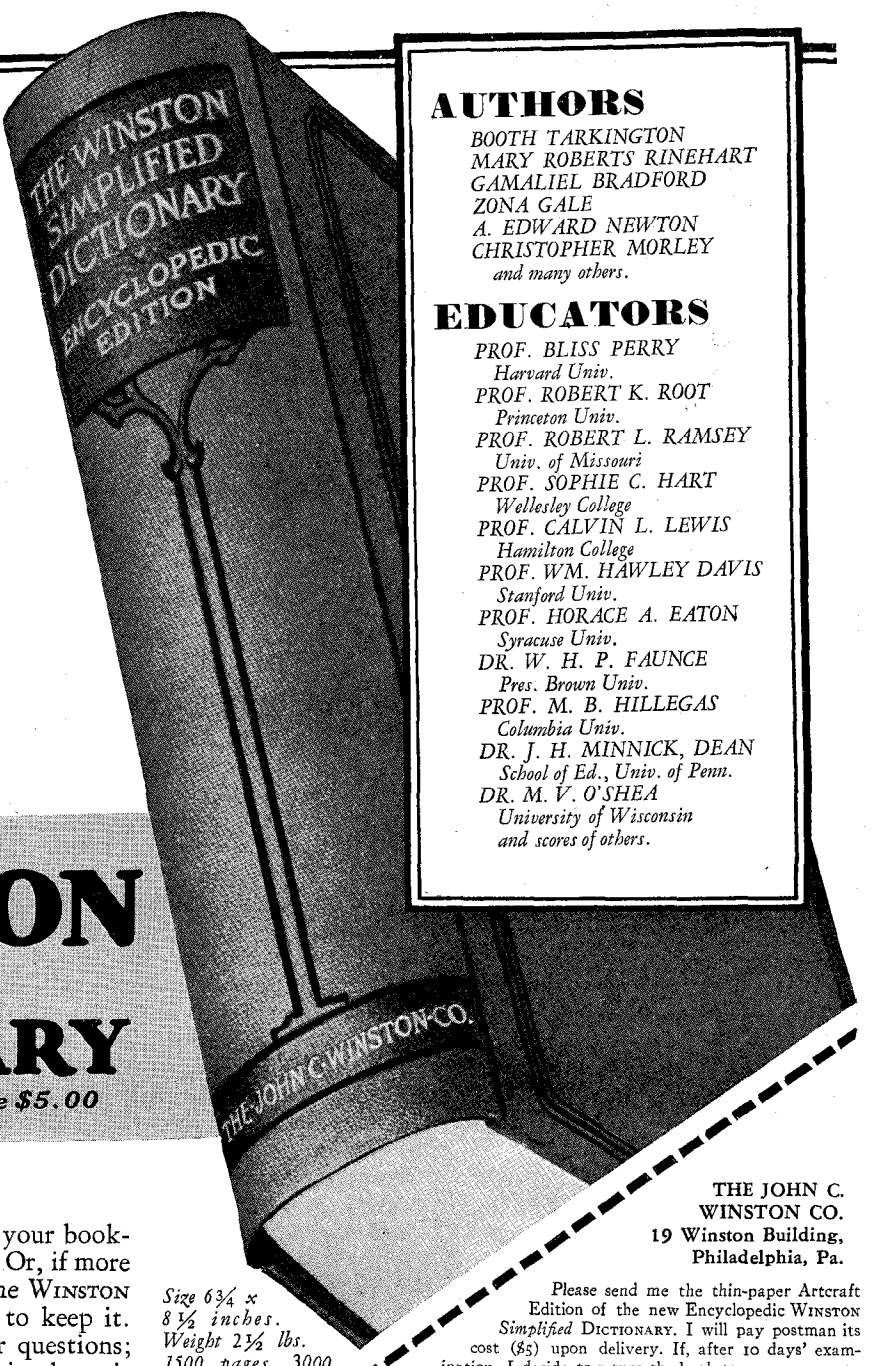

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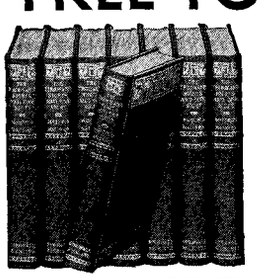

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Books in Brief

over her failure to win a school prize, and the description of this particular incident is a masterpiece of horror. Throughout the book Mr. Cronin makes you feel — against your will — a certain pity for the pride-ridden father who is consumed by his own insane conceit.

DUKE HERRING, by Maxwell Bodenheim; Liveright, $2.00.

IN THIS boring, monotonous novel Mr. Bodenheim describes at some length the amorous antics of an egotistic, knavish, and quite unbelievable Chicago hack named Arturo Herring. For many pages the reader is expected to follow Herring's love life and draw whatever conclusions he wishes from the spectacle of a literate monster climbing the golden ladder of success. Literary gossip, or possibly some enterprising publicity man, has it that Herring is a fictionalized representation of one of our more popular authors. If this is true, and if Mr. Bodenheim has painted a good likeness, the parallel constitutes the sole virtue of the book.

THE VOLGA FALLS TO THE CASPIAN SEA, by Boris Pilyak; Cosmopolitan, $2.50.

SOME of the modern Russian novels with which the country is being flooded are too colored by propaganda to give any just interpretation of the Soviet way of life. This is not the case with Boris Pilnyak. He has too much artistic integrity to falsify the picture, and to gloss over the fact that the revolution has wrecked and warped countless people who were not able to make the necessary adjustment. The scene of his book is the town of Kolumma, where a great dam is being erected which is to reverse the course of the Moscow River. The project is obviously symbolic of the great undertakings upon which Russia is engaged. Three engineers at work upon the dam are the principal figures in the story — which is, however, crowded with other characters whose lives have, in one way or another, been dislocated and radically changed. Some of them have been able to survive — some have not. The book is superbly constructed. It weaves back and forth from past to present, tracking back the problems of the principal figures to their source, and confining the immediate action of the drama within the space of twenty-four hours. It is a novel built on a grandiose scale, which gives an extraordinary broad and illuminating picture of the new industrial Russia.

WASHINGTON MERRY-GO-ROUND; Liveright, $3.00.

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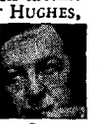

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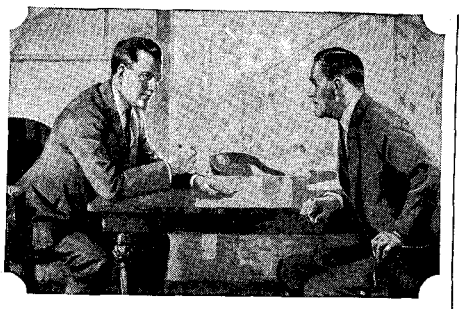

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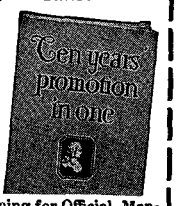

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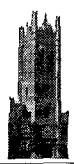

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Books in Brief

this amusing and richly informative book could hardly have been written at all were its author obliged to acknowledge it publicly. Social and official Washington would surely have exacted retribution for so startlingly frank an exposure of its foibles and failings. The book, however, is not merely cheap and sensational. It is, to be sure, crowded with personalities, and the opening chapter on the "Boiled Bosoms" of Washington society is too reminiscent of *Town Topics* to be in good taste. It gets off to a bad start — a lapse which one soon forgives when one discovers that its author is a man of intelligence, integrity, and shrewd penetration. More pontifical liberals have failed to diagnose as acutely the ineffectiveness, as a group, of the Insurgent Senators. Accredited commentators have not pointed out as pithily the weaknesses of Hoover, Stimson, Dawes, and Morrow. The chapter on the State Department, "Peppermints and Protocols," is admirable. So, too, is the chapter on the Washington correspondents — to whose ranks the author presumably belongs. His impassioned chastisement of a cowardly press and of the lost leaders of journalism is, in itself, worth a ticket to the merry-go-round. The book is written in a sloppy if continuously lively style and occasionally descends to those trivialities of gossip which may supply good dinner table stories but which are hardly of importance. After reading it, however, one has a pretty exact notion of how the wheels go round in Washington, and of what the outstanding figures in governmental office, in Congress, and in the embassies are like.

OLD BOWERY DAYS, by Alvin F. Harlow; Appleton, $5.00.

AS CONSCIENTIOUSLY as any moralist could desire Mr. Harlow deplores the noisome reputation of the famous old street which was immortalized by a song. He is unsparing in revealing the sins of its gaudy past. He prays for a bright regeneration. All this, however, is on the surface. If ever a man was bedazzled and nostalgic, it is this same Mr. Harlow — who manages to infect the reader with his own fervor for the Bowery's rowdy past. The enthralling chronicle which he relates is, to a large extent, the history of New York. It begins back in Dutch times, when the Bowery was merely an Indian trail, and later a quiet country road which led out toward Petrus Stuyvesant's Bowery farm. It records the lining of the road with country estates, and then with taverns where sleigh-riders and horse-racers paused for refreshments. It chronicles the rise of the famous gangs, of the volunteer firemen, of the Bowery Boys. It tells of the days when aristocrats and slum dwellers shared the Bowery between them. It progresses to more recent post-bellum times when Steve Brody was in his heyday, when Johnny McGurk ran Suicide Hall, and when, in a last colorful flare-up, Big Tim Sullivan's political club dominated the region. Most particularly, and in great detail, it tells the history of the Bowery theaters, in a fashion which proclaims the author an ardent lover of greasepaint. Mr. Harlow was patently consumed with a lust for facts, no matter how irrelevant, no matter how remotely connected with his main themes. He suffers from an excess of material, and from lack of space and time to cram it in. "A pest on these divagations," he says, "how they interfere with the narrative." As a matter of fact, they enrich it and give it charm.

MR. LINE, by L. A. Pavey; Appleton, $2.00.

THE CLEAVAGE between imagination and reality preoccupies Mr. Pavey. For the hero of this curious, introspective novel — which at times approaches allegory, and at times is more nearly a philosophical monologue — he has chosen a certain obscure Civil Servant, George Wentworth Line, who lives with his wife and children in a London suburb and leads as drearily monotonous a life as the most pessimistic fancy could picture. Mr. Line has forfeited the dreams and aspirations of his youth and, in middle age, has permitted himself to sink into a bog of comfortable mediocrity. He is, however, conscious of his plight, and his spirit is not so dead that he does not adventure grandly in imagination — seeing himself now as a hero, now as a financial genius, now as a sensualist, now as a murderer. Mr. Pavey's implication is that Mr. Line is typical of average humankind, blundering aimlessly through life, puzzled perpetually by the duality of dreams and actual experience. He hints that many of the inhabitants of the world's Suburbias can duplicate the complex inner life of Mr. Line. To this extent his novel is interesting and suggestive, though he endows his hero with a more poetic quality of mind than one can reasonably credit, and though his style frequently suffers from conscious tortuousness.

FOUR IN FAMILY, by Humphrey Pakington; Norton, $2.00.

THIS gay and witty novel of English country life should be an effective antidote to depression. Mr. Pakington has a fresh and genuine comic sense, a gift for dialogue, and a special eye for the absurdities of pompous bores. The Warmstrys, a slightly cockeyed and very disarming family, build an aggressively

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Books in Brief

modern house near the village of Bodsey and attempt to adjust themselves to the more placid ways of their county neighbors. Their intentions are good, but their unconventionality and their sense of humor are irrepressible. They were not by nature intended to mix with Deans and Bishops and stodgy local aristocrats, so it is hardly surprising that their influence proves to be upsetting. There is little plot to the novel. It rambles along in a leisurely way, justifying its haphazard course by a succession of incongruous and delectable scenes. Dinners, river picnics, and charitable fêtes are meat and wine to Mr. Pakington. With his sure sense for social comedy he can make the most trivial gathering a delight. His book lays no claims to importance but it is so cleverly and skilfully written that it is well out of the class of ordinary light fiction.

THE LITTLE GREEN SHUTTER, by Brand Whitlock; Appleton, $1.50.

IF THE Wets were really wide-awake, they would broadcast this urbane and lucid little book among foes and constituents alike. Although Mr. Whitlock's tactics are far from aggressive, his attack on the whole theory of prohibition is more effective than volumes of heady oratory. Quite simply he reduces the question to its essentials. Laws, he says, must be backed by public opinion, must be recognized generally as morally binding, and must conform to the habits and customs of which they are the codified expression. Otherwise they are merely statutes — and there is no health in them. Mr. Whitlock opens his essay with an account of the small Ohio town where he was born — with its rows of green-shuttered saloons, its picturesque drunkards, and its impassioned reformers. In those days drinking was considered disreputable and in Macochee, as in multitudes of other rural communities, temperance organizations bit by bit were making notable progress and persuading whole counties and states to outlaw Demon Rum. Then the Anti-Saloon League abandoned its moderate tactics — with what results is known. Just lately, for the first time in many years, Mr. Whitlock returned to Macochee only to find that drinking had become smart and universal, even among those who believed in prohibition for all but themselves. This discovery prompted him to a philosophical observation. Even, he says, as the little green shutter was designed to shelter the drinker from observation but not to bar his entrance, so we retain the Eighteenth Amendment as proof of our moral aspiration but do not permit it to interfere with our drinking. Mr. Whitlock, as he has amply proved before, has a suave style.

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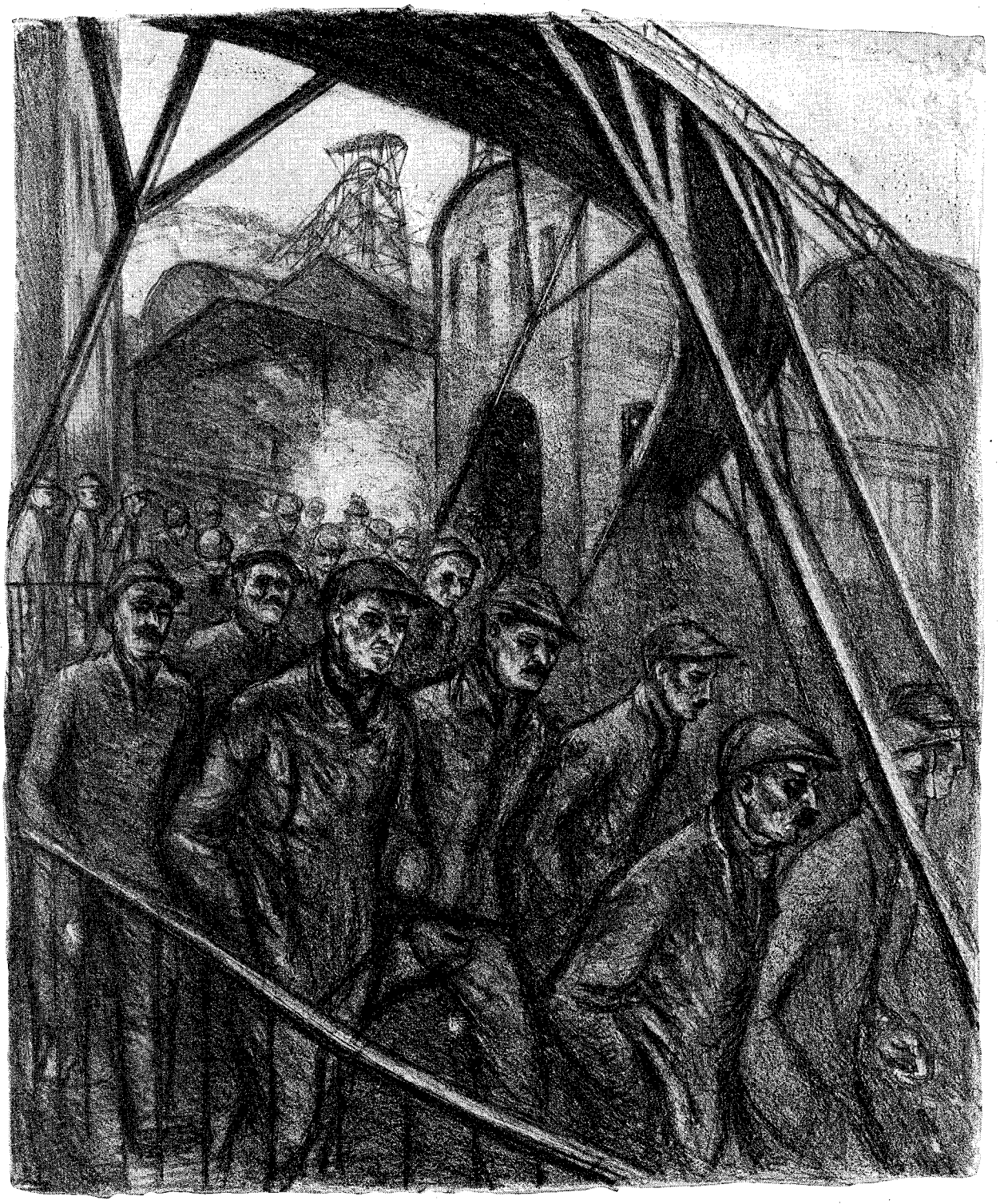

"Shift"

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F O R U M

SEPTEMBER, 1931 VOL. LXXXVI, NO. 3

Down and Out in Detroit

by CHARLES R. WALKER

I

In 1914 an extraordinary thing occurred in America. An automobile manufacturer in Detroit announced that he was raising wages for common labor to $5.00 a day. Newspaper headlines in Detroit went a little crazy; the streets of the city and of the little town of Dearborn were packed with workmen fighting for a chance to work at the new wage. And auto manufacturers of Detroit and elsewhere raged and gave out desperate interviews prophesying doom. Detectives came to Detroit to investigate Henry Ford. But above all, workmen from all over the United States bought railroad tickets and boarded trains for Detroit. Among the latter was John (once Anton) Boris, American citizen of Slav descent, father of a family, who had ambitions to be a "millerwright" and needed cash for an expanding family. He had been a logger in a Michigan lumber camp, then a worker in an Ohio steel mill where he earned from two to three dollars a day. With thousands of others, he now came to Detroit.

"In dose days work was hard all right at Ford's, but dey treat us like mens." One day the straw boss fired a workman in anger. The employment manager stood between the boss and the workman. "You can't discharge a man out of spite," he said. "I am putting you back to work — both of you — in different shops." Boris remembered the episode a long time. Another day a boy in his department suggested over their noon sandwiches that they should have a union at Ford's. The boy was a skilled worker with a good record. The next week he did not appear in the millwrights' gang. When Boris asked where he was, his companions raised their shoulders. Boris remembered this, too. He decided not to listen to men talking about unions even though they were "good millerwrights." He decided not to talk about unions himself.

John Boris's wages at Ford's rose steadily as the years passed, till he was making eight dollars a day. His young wife, whom he had found it a delight to cherish as he had promised the priest, had borne him eight children, five of whom were living and going to Michigan schools. One day a letter arrived from a friend in a Texas oil field, saying to come out there for a good job. "I think I go all right," he told me, "can get twenty dollar a day." But his wife expressed other ideas. "You stay wid Ford; here steady job — better dan big money for

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you; las' all de years what you live." Boris stayed at Ford's.

"The American way," said the automobile manufacturers in 1927, "is to pay wages sufficient to guarantee the working man not only subsistence, but the comforts and some of the luxuries of life. Let him buy a car, a radio, and an American home!" The children wanted a radio, so John got one; but he resisted his foreman's appeal to buy a car, even though American salesmanship did what it could against his Slavic conservatism. Public advice to "buy a home," however, appealed to an instinct. The real estate agent made out his contract. There was a $500 down payment and $50 a month. He started payments and moved in. The house seemed in a sense to be rounding out his millwright's career for him; and better, he thought, than a car — even though the neighbors boasted of both.

It was in this house, under the shaded light of the "parlor lamp," that Boris the other day gave me in his own words the final chapter of this history. The house was subject to foreclosure in default of payment, but the furniture was still intact. The radio stood at the left of the chair where Boris sat; a double door led into a pleasant dining room.

"Fourteen year," said Boris, leaning forward, "I work for Henry Ford. All kin' jobs . . . millerwright, danger jobs; I put in all my young days Henry Ford. Las' July, what you know, he lay me off. When I go out of factory that day I don' believe; I don' believe he do such ting to me. I tink trouble wid man in de office who don' un'erstan'." His voice ceased and he took a deep breath which was expended in the earnest emphasis of his next words: "I tink," he said, "I go Henry Ford *pers'nally!* But what you know!" He looked like a boy whom a drunken father had whipped into physical submission. His voice was angry, but with a deep hurt at the core of it. "I can' get close to him," he cried, "I can' get clos' even employment man. De guard say, 'We got your name in dere all right, we let you know when we wan' you.' Nine mont'," he concluded, "I go no work."

III

FIGURES SHOW that 14.2 per cent of Detroit's normally employed are out of jobs. Other cities follow close, with Cleveland at 13.8 per cent and Chicago at 13.3. The distinction of Detroit, however, is not that she has been hardest hit in the depression, but that she has done something to buck it. Municipal and community leadership — not the manufacturers — are doing what they can.

During the first of his workless periods Boris was able to support his family and to continue regular payments on his home. Against public pressure he had exercised thrift, and had in reserve a few hundred dollars. But misfortunes did not attack him singly. His wife fell ill and an operation for tumor was demanded. Boris met the emergency and hired the best doctor he could find. A kidney operation on the woman followed the first, running up medical charges for hospital and doctor to eight hundred dollars. Somewhere during this epoch the son of John Boris, who had gone to

Drawings by Donald McKay

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an American school and could put matters clearly in written English, composed a letter to the Welfare Department of the Ford Motor Company.

An "investigator" arrived promptly, and took the chair, Boris informed me, in which I was sitting. "Investigator say, 'Boris, employment have no right do that to you. You get job back right away. Seven o'clock to-morrow morning you go employment; he put you back on job; tak' this slip.'"

Going back the next morning through the high mill gate, with the slip tightly held in his fingers, Boris found delightedly that he was admitted to the office. "We cannot give you your old job," they told him, "at eight dollars a day, but we will give you a new one at six dollars for three days a week." "Yes, all right," said Boris. Lay-off and rehire with a dock of a dollar or two a day is common in the auto industry. It enables the manufacturer to give the appearance of "maintaining wages" while effecting the needed economies in his pay roll. The same work is performed on "the new job." Boris was glad. "Hard times for everybody," he explained, "sure, I take." The employment manager continued courteously: "After you work sixty days you will receive seven dollars a day."

Walking into the mill after that, he felt light-headed. The roar of it, and the smell of oil, brought tears to his eyes. All day he busied his head over the eighteen dollars, buying food with it, paying the doctor, earning back a small brick house in Highland Park. The smoke from Bessemers as he left the mill was a deep ruddy gold. He hadn't noticed the color since first he worked at Henry Ford's.

On the sixty-first day Boris received the promised seven dollars. On the sixty-third his foreman fired him. "You're finished, Boris," he said. To Boris it seemed clear that he had been dropped because he was "making too much money." And because there were thousands waiting to take his job at minimum pay. But he repressed this resentment and went to the office. "Anything wrong wid my work for comp'ny?" he asked earnestly. No, the employment man assured him; his work was satisfactory. "Wid my records for comp'ny?" he persisted, knowing that in hard times a man's record is his friend. "No," said the employment man, "you have a good record with the company. But there is no longer any work for you." The office then stated that this was not a lay-off, but as Boris had expressed it, "finish." Boris then exploded. In reminiscence of what he had said his voice came somewhere from the middle of his chest; it was compacted of fourteen years of exploded loyalty.

"I haf' no money now," he cried, "lose my home quick, what I do chil'ren, what I do doctor? Fourteen years!" he returned to his original cry, "I work Henry Ford!"

The employment man looked at him. "That is a long time; you should have saved money, Boris, to take care of you in your old age."

Boris trembled. "You say dat to me!" he cried, struggling for possession of himself. "I give up my strength to you; I put in all my young days work good for Henry Ford — you can' do dis to me now!"

"Why did you spend all your money?" asked the employment man.

"For why? I tell you. I spen' money for house," replied John Boris, "to raise fam'ly, to sen' my chil'ren school, to buy foods, *dat's how I spen' money* —"

"Your children are your own business," said the other, "not Henry Ford's."

EVEN IN recollection of this episode which terminated his career and hastened the break-up of his family, I was struck by the special character of Boris's resentment. It seemed clear that he was torn as terribly by the blasting of his workman's loyalty, as by the enormity of his personal loss.

"I go out from mill," he continued. "I try tink what I do help mysel'. Who I go to? I use tink," he cried, "if something come like dis, go to Henry Ford yoursel'. But I tell you no workman beeg enough see Henry Ford! Well, I go lawyer — I happen to

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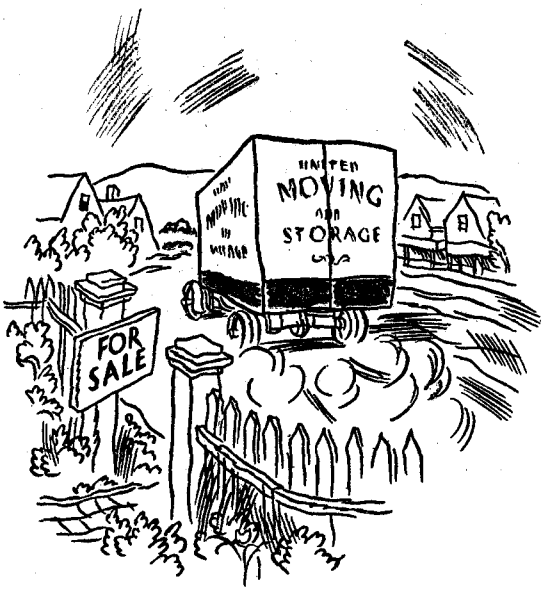
know him once — who knows ting like dis more what I do. I say: 'What can I do now?' He say: 'Nutting, John, ain' nutting you can do!'"

John Boris refused to accept the dictum of the lawyer that there was nothing he could do. In accordance with the formula that "there is plenty of work in the world if a man be willing to take it," he buried the pride of a skilled maturity, and found a few hours work in a cushion factory, accepting a wage 27½ cents an hour less than Ford's minimum rate in 1914. But long before he managed this, his daughters had taken jobs in the same factory to which he came ultimately. They carried and are still carrying the bulk of the family load.



These latter items make the story of John Boris a relatively lucky one. The family enjoys a small income from wages; John Boris is not, and except only for a few weeks between the time of "finish" at Ford's and the cushion factory job, has not been rated as one of the unemployed. And he is lucky enough to have escaped charity.

As I was sitting in the Boris parlor, the two girls came in from work. It was nine o'clock. He introduced his daughters to me; they excused themselves and went to the kitchen. John Boris explained: "Only when they work late, comp'ny give time for supper." Work begins at seven-thirty; lunch at twelve. "How late do you work?" I asked the younger girl, when she reappeared. "Sometimes till nine o'clock," she answered, "sometimes till ten. One night last week we worked till eleven-thirty." I checked up on this and found that in the smaller concerns which have sprung up in the wake of depression, no regularity prevails: the workmen are expected to finish the work available, which sometimes takes five hours, sometimes ten.

"Alice, Louie's girl," said one of the girls, "said she felt faint to-night" — it seemed to me that Miss Boris thought Alice a little silly for it — "so I sent her upstairs to my coat where I keep cookies."

John Boris had been silent a long time. He moved his shoulders restlessly and looked down at the thick fingers of his hands. "Las' July," he said, "I was good man." He raised his eyes slowly. "I ain't man now," he said.

With some effort I looked into the work of the Ford employment office and of the Welfare department of the Ford Motor Company. A comprehensive stagger system I found had been organized to spread work among the largest possible number. Further than this, a sincere effort was being made everywhere to give jobs to the neediest. Boris was dismissed, I am ready to believe, not through carelessness — but because relatively worse cases needed his job more. In fact the wealth of data put before me by the Mayor's unemployment committee of the city of Detroit confirms me in the belief that his particular case, in which job, savings, and home were wiped out, was one of the lucky ones.

In addition to Mr. Boris's case, there are 227,000 men totally unemployed. Let us consider some of these. Out of the number, 15,000 are reported homeless. Boris as yet is not of this class and will probably escape it by living with relatives. These men are now housed in the "emergency lodges," better known as flop houses, which are maintained at the city's expense. What are they like? Take the "Fisher East Side Lodge." It is a huge unused factory building lent to the city by Fisher Brothers and housing, when I visited it, 1600 men. Here I found bank tellers with twenty to thirty years' experience, traveling salesmen, expert tool makers, a vice president or two, and workmen of every variety.

The Mayor's committee estimates that of the "homeless men" on their records, about ten per cent are chronic vagrants who would be looking for handouts in fat times as well as lean. The rest are bona fide unemployment cases with a large white collar sprinkling. Fifteen thousand homeless is considered large for the size of the city and is generally attrib-

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uted by manufacturers I talked with to the army of unmarried men attracted to Detroit by the high wages and short hours of the auto factories. But I discovered that over ten per cent of the homeless group are married men. These are perhaps the least fortunate cases, as contrasted with the relatively fortunate who, like Boris, still command resources of a sort. What is their history? What, for example, becomes of the wife, and what happens to the kids? The story of the married homeless averages as follows. (I am omitting the cases of suicide and actual starvation.)

A majority of the men are auto workers; the average age is thirty-eight. Fifteen years ago they came to Detroit attracted by the good wages. A considerable number are college men; as skilled workers, tool designers, and engineers, they made from ten to fifteen dollars a day. They laughed at their white-collar classmates making forty per — and obliged to "keep up appearances." The ordinary workers among them were making five dollars a day, or six dollars, or seven dollars, with steady jobs. They married, bought a car, and ultimately started payments on a "home of their own."

About six years ago the "inventory period" of the manufacturers began to stretch. From two weeks' "vacation" in summer — without pay — it edged up to a month. "Changing tools" for the new model, repair periods, "reorganization," sliced another week or two from the winter months. As a rule the single man didn't care; for him it *was* a vacation. But his married brother got fidgety. He hadn't rigged his budget for a ten-month year. Then among Ford men came the five months' shutdown in 1927. This wiped out a good many surpluses. The surpluses were not large. Why? Most of the men had bought a car, had taken out insurance and begun payments on the "home." By 1929, the family men were worried. Not in a panic, but thinking hard. They still had their homes, they still had the car, but their savings were gone. The expanding vacations gave them an increasing sense of insecurity.

IV

THEN DESCENDED the first months of the depression a year and a half ago. They were caught in the lay-off which everyone from their employers to the President of the United States assured them was a temporary dip in the cycle of prosperity. The first act of the conservative householder was to sell his car — the purchase of which a year before had been all but compelled by company salesmanship. "It is your duty," the married man had been told; "it will guarantee your job." Two months passed. Just as the newspapers agreed that the "worst was over," the married man borrowed $400 on his furniture. This to keep his end up, to continue payment on his home, pay his insurance premiums, buy food, and keep the boy at school. At this point he had adopted his employers' optimism. "Things *must* pick up. In another month I'll be back at work." But the month passes, and the furniture goes to meet the loan. However, there is the $100 which Alice hasn't told him about. With it he manages one more payment on the house, hoping that the rumor about a "pick-up" at Fisher's will come true. It doesn't.

In a Michigan "land contract" the owner holds the deed; in case of the tenant's default, payments go to the deed holder. At this point his contract is foreclosed, and with the house passes forever the $3000 paid to date toward ownership. The children, who have been denied milk for a couple of months, are now sent to grandmother's, or parked around among relatives. The married man and his wife move into two rooms in the suburbs she had always scorned. With the change there passes into discard the emotions which cling to a united family, and to the home as a physical possession, somehow defensible.

The married man, however, at this point is really just beginning to fight. He tells his wife this in as many words. With the burden of the kids off his mind, and with no payments to make on the lost home, he is ready for any kind of work at any pay. It is the mood indorsed by so many well-wishers who themselves are in more fortunate positions. And he gets the work. Any number of young men found a month's neighborhood work, repairing the front steps, trimming hedges, mowing the lawn, or cleaning out the furnace — at a dollar a day, or two.

But this permits a physical subsistence only; it doesn't constitute what the married man hopes for and desires passionately — the beginnings of rehabilitation. After a couple of months the odd job market is exhausted, and

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he has learned either to pity or to despise himself. The mental attitude of his new employers is, I find, almost without exception a compound of self-interest and charity. They demand two things of the ex-tool maker who has asked the privilege of tending furnace for them: first, that he take a rate lower than they would pay an ordinary workman at the job; second, that he show himself abundantly grateful.

At some point during this odd-job epoch, the wife goes back upstate to live with her mother. She suggests he come too. But in the group I am considering, when the man's nerve is still strong, the husband answers: "No. You go ahead, but I'll stick it in Detroit. This has been our home since 1918, and I certainly can find something. Before you know it I'll be sending for you." He tries another six months, paying five dollars (a month) for his room. Finally pawns his overcoat, his watch; applies at last to the Welfare for an old pair of shoes.

You and I can call on him to-day at the Fisher Lodge, where at the moment the city will be able, if tax receipts hold up, to expend 22½ cents a day on him. Out of this comes a clean cot, clean laundry, and two meals a day. And he — with most of his fellows with whom I talked — is still looking for that job, working a week or two without pay for the city to pay for the winter's board.

V

THIS HAS BEEN the briefest inspection of the human power plant under the hood of the Detroit motor industry. There is a good deal of rust and some wreckage, but anyone who comes away from the inspection with nothing but pessimism has missed half of the picture. Missed, to begin with, the display of initiative and heroism such as no period — not even the World War — provoked in the American people. And in Detroit it is important to remember the municipal response which hardly has precedent in the history of American cities.

Here are a few of the city's achievements since the Mayor's employment committee dug in actively last September. Actual placement on jobs, 23,417. Men fed and lodged daily, 12,000. (The other 3,000 are absorbed by private charitable institutions.) Number of people clothed by the city, 168,510. Number of families on city welfare, 46,000 — at a cost of $2,000,000 per month. School children served crackers and milk daily, 9,000. Car tickets furnished school children, 216,000.

The policy and point of view underlying this activity is as important as the achievement itself. The mayor declares flatly it is *not* charity. It is a municipal enterprise. He regards the task as much as a matter of city business as the building of schools or the cleaning of streets. Its emergency character is of course recognized, and more permanent solutions are under way — such as the provision this summer of 10,000 gardens for unemployed workers, large enough to provide that many families with the bulk of next winter's provisions. However, the Mayor's real problem is, as one worker puts it, to provide "meat now — and not spinach next summer."

The "production department" of the American automobile industry is one of the greatest engineering achievements of all time. And many of the modern plants in Detroit are remarkable not only for productive machines but for such devices as tubes which suck noxious gases out of workrooms, ventilation systems, "scientific" light, and clean machinery. On my recent trip to Detroit I was courteously shown the salvage department of the Ford Motor Company. It aroused my enthusiasm. Here drills were sharpened and files renewed, aluminum scrap from the Lincoln factory was cut into squares to make labels, the vitals of broken-down dynamos torn apart and distributed among new mechanisms, second-hand Ford upholstery sewn into support belts for window washers.

And everywhere I found intelligence and order and an absence of dirt. I shan't forget the rolling mill. Here were men with dusters cleaning off the girders! My guide conducted me through "the largest machine shop in the world." It was not running — the primary human power being shut off Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, but on a raised gallery I watched squads of tool makers repairing the machinery.

The whole process of intelligent salvage, the evidence everywhere of plant care and tool care impressed me deeply, and I shared a hearty enthusiasm with my guide. But after we passed the gate a man stopped me with his hand. His face carried hardy American features weakened by hunger and he wore a coat held together at the neck with a safety pin. "I have been out

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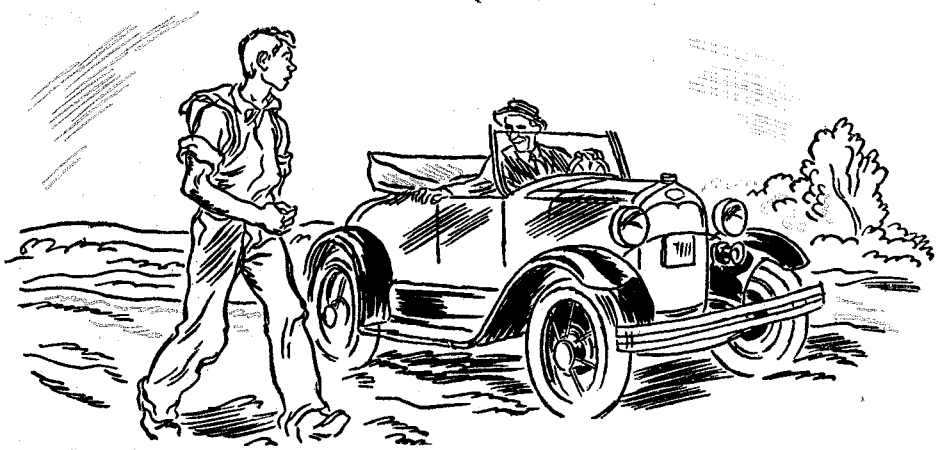

fifteen months," he said. I asked him if he was married. "No," he answered, "thank God!" I gave him a quarter.

All over the country opinion grows that the manufacturer should join the municipality in tackling the emergency of unemployment, and in notable instances there is a response. Men like Gerard Swope and Owen Young have volunteered their help and leadership. In Detroit itself taxation gives a special emphasis to this demand. Last May the *New York Times* editorially put the situation as concisely as possible.

"The winter and spring of 1930–31 have been among the hardest in Detroit which any city has known. Its rapid growth, and the depression of the motor-car industry, filled the city with unemployed workers, of whom, at great outlay, it has taken remarkably good care. But twenty per cent of the welfare costs, according to Mayor Murphy, have been expended on laid-off members of Mr. Ford's organization. His companies have a rule against contributing to local charities, and this has been extended to include the winter's welfare work. He pays his taxes elsewhere, and the municipality is devoting forty per cent of its relief expenditures to people dropped from the rolls of the Ford Companies and of other factories just outside the city limits."

Not only in the case of the auto industry but everywhere the ordinary citizen feels more and more that it is the industries' job to look after their own.

VII

I SAT DOWN in one of the glass-partitioned offices of the Ford Motor Company. Through the transparent wall I could see Edsel Ford enter the next room. Henry himself was in Washington. Facing me was an official who is close to Henry Ford — if anyone can really be close to that bold and elusive intelligence. Speaking for himself, he said some extraordinary things. One was: "If this is the best our industrial system can do, I don't think it's worth saving." He continued, "I believe, however, that we're only in the stage-coach stage. Something better will follow." Speaking of the depression, he warned me not against pessimism, but optimism. "We might as well face the facts," he said. A little later: "There have been more homes lost in Detroit through this depression than were lost as a result of the World War." In the course of the talk he defended the Ford wage policies and concluded by saying: "If Mr. Ford knew what to do to cure the slump he would do it."

Many persons in Detroit, I found, were very bitter about the "big shots" — meaning all presidents of banks, the heads and high officials of the automobile companies, and of course Mr. Ford. I was frequently told that they were peculiarly heartless individuals barbarously delighting in the misery of their employees. I wish to do what I can to correct this error. It is, of course, ridiculous. They are ordinary men who in economic relations confine their attention to their own interests, and who in their human contacts are as human as the rest of us. The point is that attention to their own interest plus gentleness in private life is not enough to apply to a major business depression. I can illustrate the point by a Ford story — a true one.

About a year ago while Henry Ford was out in his car he found a lad of eighteen or twenty heading for Detroit. The boy was afoot and, being partial to boys, Henry invited him into his car. The two of them got to talking, and the boy told Henry that he had come to Detroit to get a job at Ford's. The owner of the Ford Motor Company asked if he knew anyone

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there, and the boy said, "No." Henry remarked that *he* did — a man who worked at Ford's. He'd speak to him about it. A little later the employment office was primed. And the next day the boy got his job. Henry was curious about it all and called up the employment manager. "Who did he say sent him?" "Oh," said the other, "just an old man that he met driving a Ford."

This points, I think, to the essential gentleness of Henry Ford — *even* in the matter of jobs. And not letting on, *ever*, is a nice point, I think. But, unfortunately, through this generous impulse of Ford's the boy was hired at roughly the same time that Boris lost his job, his faith, and his home. Gentleness in private business is not enough.

Often when I point to the practical measures which the city of Detroit has taken for the salvage and conservation of its human labor power I find this response: "Flop houses and free street car tickets are all right, but they're nothing but makeshifts. What business men are seeking is not a palliative for the disease but a cure." I am in fullest sympathy with the "cure" ambition, but it is only fair to say this: The use of food to keep the human organism in health, the provision of relief to prevent a break-up of the human family, the offering of milk to keep school children from having rickets, is not a "palliative"; it is a project of minimum conservation. The fact is that the problem of the depression divides itself, very properly, not into palliative and cure, but into emergency relief and long-term revision. In both fields leadership is urgently needed. And if initiative and courage is not where it used to be, a new leadership is in order.

Catholic or Protestant?

Which Will Win the New Social Order?

by **JAY FRANKLIN**

I

EVER SINCE the war ended under the moral auspices of American democracy, it has been obvious that the Christian churches stand in need of rejuvenation. The Protestant creeds have been panhandled by patriotism and committed to capitalism, and now find that both are unfashionable. The Holy Roman and Apostolic Church has been hit by democracy and confronted by Communism, when it had from time immemorial been linked to the institutions of monarchy and private property.

At first, as was only natural, the church engaged in some vigorous political and theological hysterics, but that didn't help. Now, in more philosophical mood, the church has set about having its face lifted to catch the current fashion in institutional façades; like an aged lady, it feels that face-lifting by means of deft surgery can make it appear younger, more modern — in short, renewed and revitalized. While the modern spirit hasn't got very far into the church's spiritual mission, so far as ecclesiastical cosmetics can do the trick the modern world contemplates a flapperish attitude on the part of both the Protestant creeds and the See of Rome.

Something of the sort was necessary, if the church was to avoid the fate of all human wallflowers. Ability to cook a good meal never helped a girl at the dance of life, and a noble character was never a guarantee of popularity. The war was a scandal which all but wrecked organized Christianity. Four years of hatred and malice, of greed and violence, pretty well knocked the props from under the spiritual mission of the church. When Catholic killed Catholic, Protestant bayoneted Protestant, when the Orthodox eliminated each other with

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high explosives, and when every Christian sect joined in the butchery and called upon Moslems, Hindus, Confucians, Shintoists, and animists to help cut Christian throats, the Sermon on the Mount looked like a last year's bird's nest, and the Ten Commandments like something the tide had washed up. For it wasn't as if the churches had been neutral in the human abattoir. They were efficient patriots and the best Christians were the best fighters. Pulpits rang with denunciations of the foe, and the bewildered distress of wives and mothers gave the altars a land office business, while the clergy descended to the level of tribal witch doctors. When the war ended, there was an inevitable slump.

II

THE ROMAN CHURCH, in particular, was hard hit. The Pope had preserved the neutrality of the Vatican and had issued a vain appeal for peace in 1917, but the triumph of republicanism and democracy in Europe found the hierarchy in a cold gray light after its morganatic marriage with monarchy. Empires fell and crowns toppled. The Catholic Hapsburgs followed the Lutheran Hohenzollerns and the Orthodox Romanovs. For an Indian summer the divine right of the Catholic Bourbons lingers on in Spain, but the old royalist Europe, to which the Catholic Church had perfectly adapted itself, was discredited and out of fashion.

As a result, the Catholic Church was plunged deep in a political struggle for survival. In virtually every European country, and in some outside of Europe, the Vatican found itself forming political parties and shaping public policy. In Austria, for a time, a Catholic Archbishop was Chancellor of the Republic. In other countries, the Catholic Action and Catholic Parties played decisive rôles in domestic politics. Faced with republicanism, the Vatican fought for its authoritarian principles with the weapons of democracy. The result was a series of temporary triumphs followed by disheartening defeats, particularly in Italy and Mexico, and to a lesser degree in the United States. With the signature of the Lateran Treaty and Concordat of 1929, the political adventures of the Vatican came to a halt, and a new policy began.

At the same time that the Catholic Church was burning its fingers with politics, the Protestant churches were making fools of themselves on the dogmatic side. The first symptom was a curtain-raiser in the form of a mild row between modernists and fundamentalists, between the people who believed that you didn't need miracles to live decently and the people who would have believed that Jonah swallowed the Whale if the Good Book said so. Nobody cared much for this show, so the Protestants staged a much more amusing farce-tragedy in the shape of a row between religion and science. Tennessee held its monkey trial at Dayton and William Jennings Bryan made his last fight to establish a medieval-minded rural inquisition as the ruler of modern America.

The Protestants by this time had got a taste of blood from prohibition, a cruel experiment to establish Methodist morality by law, and were eager to sacrifice the ungodly to the jealousy of Jehovah. They fought a great battle with the Catholics in the Al Smith auto-da-fé of 1928, but when the smoke screens cleared away they discovered that a skeptical and bored public was still drifting away from church attendance, which was regrettable, and from contributions to the Lord's work, which was simply damnable. So by 1929 it was apparent to both Catholics and Protestants that new tactics were needed if the religious ballyhoo was to attract the cash customers into the ways of righteousness.

About this time, both Catholics and Protestants suddenly discovered that they were faced with challenging competition from Communism. The Communist Party had borrowed its irritating method of indirect government from Calvinism, its marvelous party discipline and organization from the Jesuits, and its dogma from a German Jew named Karl Marx. It raucously denied the truth of revealed religion (except that revealed to Marx and to Lenin, his Prophet); it treated priests and clergymen much as the latter were treating the dispensers of narcotics in moral America. It had a materialistic philosophy (which seemed very shocking to the Americans), teaching the impoverished masses that they should try to build their paradise here and now. It struck at the family, at private property, and at every other social institution to which the churches had adapted themselves or which they had helped to create.

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It offered sexual, religious, and economic freedom and, despite the sufferings of revolutionary Russia, it survived where "strong" governments toppled, gave the lie to its economic critics by producing a surplus for exportation, and began to spread through Asia like an epidemic.

Communism tactlessly and obscenely called the Western world's attention to the manifold defects of capitalistic society and it clearly demonstrated in Russia that a disorganized church is powerless against organized ridicule. Naturally, the churches denounced Communism, exactly as they had denounced the principles of the French Revolution and every other major advance of secular knowledge and social experiment. Denunciation didn't work. Something more was needed. The churches had to offset the "false but effective" appeal of Communism with something which would be just as attractive and which wouldn't cost nearly as much.

III

WITH THE SURE instinct of a tabloid city editor, the ecclesiastical big shots picked on two phases of modern life which are surefire stuff at any time: sex and money. For the last two years both Protestants and Catholics have made loud and public discoveries of the existence of sex in a manner calculated to stop the Moscow show. The Catholic Church has, of course, taken the traditional attitude, leaving the liberal side of the question for the Protestants. What is more important is the fact that the Catholic Church has taken the popular side of the wage and labor controversy, has adapted all the technical apparatus of the twentieth century for its propaganda, and has left to the Protestants only the Wall Street side of the question. Probably each is right for the public which it is addressing. Nordic races are gigglish on sexual matters, conservative in economic affairs; Latin races are sexually neolithic and economically Socialistic.

Faced with a Catholic disapproval of divorce and birth control, the Protestants have yielded to the modern current. On April 26, 1931, a report prepared by five churchmen and two prominent laymen of the Protestant Episcopal Church recommended that priests be permitted to marry divorced persons, irrespective of "guilt" or adultery. Also in April of this year, the Presbyterians drew up a report recommending acceptance of birth control on the ground that "economic conditions and a worthy standard of living clearly make it wrong to bring children into the world without an adequate provision for their nurture and a proper consideration for the health of the mother." Contraceptives were tolerable if employed "in fidelity to the highest spiritual ideals of the Christian home." Sex education was also recommended in this remarkable report, which proposed to teach young Presbyterians the social, legal, economic, and physical characteristics of marriage.

A month earlier the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, Inc., had issued a report likewise favoring birth control — a position which had previously been taken by the Lambeth Conference of Anglican Bishops, the American Unitarian Association, the American Universalist Church, and the Central Conference of Jewish Rabbis. The omission of "obey" from the marriage ceremony, the admission of female clergy, and the general trend toward feministic Christianity has put Protestantism on the side of modern individualistic sociology. This position is, of course, absolutely opposed to that of the Roman Church.

Pius XI is an ambitious Pontiff. He is the most modern-minded of any recent Pope. Like all men in authority, he has to pursue a zigzag course toward his goal: the reunion of Christendom under the See of Rome. In his case, he has been impelled to reaffirm in their most uncompromising forms all of the Church's traditional views on social relations, in order to make it possible for him to speak forcefully on the vital issue of the day: economics.

On January 11, 1930, he issued the first of his extraordinary series of Encyclicals on current problems, in an attack on all modern lay education and on the public school system. Naturalism, coeducation, sex education, and gymnastics for girls were condemned; Catholic children were forbidden to attend anti-Catholic, neutral, or mixed schools; and it was stated that "for a school to be acceptable it is necessary that the whole teaching and organization of the school, namely, the teachers, the curriculum, and the books, be governed by the Christian spirit under the material direction and vigilance of the Church." Under this rigid ruling no Catholic child should be per-

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mitted to attend any American public school.

This, however, was mild in comparison to the Encyclical *Casti Conubii*, of January 9, 1931, concerning Christian Marriage in Relation to the Present Conditions, Needs, and Disorders of Society. This is probably the greatest dogmatic treatise on marriage ever compiled by a bachelor. It enjoins "the ready subjection of the wife and her willing obedience" to her husband; it condemns "romantic fiction, amorous and frivolous novels, cinematographs, radio broadcasts"; it says of birth control that "those who in exercising it (the conjugal act) deliberately frustrate its natural power and purpose sin against nature and commit a deed which is shameful and intrinsically vicious."

Although distressed by the sufferings of poor parents with large families, the Pope asserts that "no difficulty can arise that justifies putting aside the law of God." As for "the health of the mother and the danger of her life . . . God alone, bountiful and all merciful as He is, can reward her," and "the emancipation of women is the debasing of the womanly character." On March 21, 1931, the Holy Office rounded off the subject with a decree that eugenics "must be entirely disapproved, and in consideration of their falsity condemned."

IV

THE DOGMATIC rear being thus securely fortified, the Papal attack on the economic front was possible. On December 25, 1930, there was a hint of what was to come, when, in extending Christmas greetings to the Cardinals, Pius XI alluded to the "universal financial and economic uneasiness," advocated "a better social and international arrangement, inspired by greater justice and Christian charity," and pointed out that "it is, unhappily, difficult for the internal peace of minds and hearts to reign and continue between citizens and social classes affected by the unequal distribution of privileges and burdens, of rights and duties, of capital and command of work, of participation in their fruits which can only be produced by their friendly coöperation."

While it is true that in his epoch-making radio broadcast on February 12, 1931, His Holiness reminded the rich that "to them Christ Jesus Himself has confided the poor" and exhorted the poor "to think of the poverty of Jesus Christ," entreating both laborers and employers "to put aside hostile rivalry and strife and unite in friendly and brotherly accord, the employer supplying means and direction; the laborers, industry and toil," the Supreme Pontiff was saving his fire. On May 23, 1931, he began a frontal attack on the capitalistic economic system, taking the fortieth anniversary of Leo XIII's famous *Rerum Novarum* attack on Socialism as the occasion for an Encyclical, *Quadragesimo Anno*, on labor and social problems. This Encyclical is the Vatican's answer to Communism and Socialism. Having in previous Encyclicals established the dogma that man is made for marriage, the Pope advances the cognate dogma that economics is made to enable man to live in marriage as divinely established. That is the underlying logic of his great manifesto.

Admitting that modern economic life is "hard, cruel, and relentless in ghastly measure" and that unemployment is a "dreadful scourge" which causes "misery and temptation to the laborer, ruins the prosperity of the nations, and endangers public order, peace, and tranquility the world over," His Holiness repudiates economic radicalism. He alludes to the "impious and nefarious character of Communism," states that "Socialism cannot be brought into harmony with the dogmas of the Catholic Church," that "no one can be at the same time a sincere Catholic and a true Socialist," and that so-called cultural Socialism leads straight to Bolshevism.

He then turns his guns on capitalism. "Boards of directors," he says, "proceed in their unconscionable methods even to the violation of their trust in regard to those whose savings they administer." He denounced the bull market psychology: "Easy returns, which an open market offers to any one, lead many to interest themselves in trade and exchange, their one aim being to make clear profits with the least effort. By their unchecked speculation prices are raised and lowered out of mere greed for gain, making void all the most prudent calculation of manufacturers." (It is rumored that the Vatican lost its financial surplice in the Wall Street crash.)

Upholding the principle of private property, the Pope declared that "the working man must have sufficient wages to support himself and his family"; "If a business makes smaller profits on account of bad management, want of

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enterprise, or out-of-date methods, this is not a just reason for reducing wages. . . . Let the employers therefore and the employed join in their plans and efforts to overcome all difficulties and obstacles and let them be aided in this wholesome endeavor by wise measures of public authority." The scientific means by which this can be accomplished are defined as a return to Christianity, the operation of the law of charity, and education in Christian principles.

This master stroke puts the Vatican one up on Protestantism in the battle for the allegiance of the masses. Protestant toleration of birth control is an also-ran compared to Papal advocacy of a living wage. Moreover, Catholicism is using to the full all the scientific technique of modern publicity, including radio, cinematograph, football, and foolishness. A powerful radio station is installed in the Vatican and on February 12, 1931, the Pope broadcast his greetings to the world and his words were spread by 150 American stations, and echoed by 100 more in the Antipodes, India, Africa, Europe, and Asia. A second broadcast followed the first and in April it was announced that the Pope would use radio to instruct Catholic officials abroad — Cardinals and diplomatic agents — who were to be equipped with special ten-tube short-wave receiving sets designed for this holy purpose by Senator Marconi.

V

CATHOLICISM uses every avenue for reaching the public eye and striking the popular imagination. There is scarcely a news reel which does not record some Catholic procession, festival, or rite. In New York City the Catholics have invaded the motor-minded public and on February 8, 1931, the Church of the Holy Family, on East Forty-seventh Street, began a series of monthly motor services by blessing sixty parked cars. Holy water was cast in the direction of the automobiles while the priest uttered the following prayer: "O God, our Lord, vouchsafe to hear our prayer and bless this vehicle with Thy right hand and bid Thy angels stand by it to save and protect from danger all those who travel in it." An authenticated relic of St. Christopher was imported by the Cardinalate to be used in adapting the patron saint of travelers to the parking problem and traffic congestion of the City of New York. The great American sport of football likewise came in for hierarchical attention when Notre Dame football teams began hitting new highs. Any religion that could turn out such backfields (aided by Knute Rockne) must be good. Rockne's death was a distinct loss to the Catholic propaganda in America.

With its unrivaled sense of the theatric, the Catholic Church seems to be well ahead in the face-lifting process. If organized religion survives the present crisis it will be largely through power of adaptation. Both Protestant and Catholic Churches have, since the war, been seeking desperately for a sphere of activity, other than the purely spiritual, in which they can contribute to the modern world and gain strength from the modern spirit. Both have tried politics and with both politics have proven dangerous. The American Protestants have the object lesson of prohibition, the Spanish Catholics have the lesson of Alfonso, and the Italian Catholics can contemplate the *Azione Cattolica* (Catholic Action), a lay association for the promotion of Catholic principles, which has been suppressed on a charge of political meddling by the most Catholic government in Europe.

From politics, the churches have turned to sociology, but where the Protestants have chosen to fight it out on the line of adapting sex morality to a rigid economic system, the Catholics elect to change the economic morality to suit a rigid sex system. It is the nine-child family against the two-car garage, the social principle against the individual, organization and dogmatic authority against free association and democratically formulated law. Whether either offer will in the long run offset the annoying determination of the Communists to extirpate all priestcraft is another matter.

When the Church appeals to the radio, it must take a chance on the faithful tuning in. When the Church blesses automobiles, there will still be those who think it wise to have their brakes tested. Post-war religion may jazz itself up until it can offer a counter attraction to the Scarlet Woman, but there will still be those who believe that the sole admissible purpose of an organized religion is to teach men how to live decently and how to die gracefully. If the Church forgets that, it may soon discover that beauty doctors are unreliable and that it takes more than paraffin injections to restore eternal youth.

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The Waning Power of the Press

by **OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD**

It is a curious anomaly that at the moment when more and more important issues and problems are challenging the world and demanding the serious attention of every editor who seeks to comment fairly on what is going on, the power of the editorial writer has waned to a remarkable degree. I remember well that when I joined the editorial staff of the New York *Evening Post* in 1897 under the leadership of Edwin L. Godkin, the second in command was always extremely worried as to how we should find enough subjects to write about during the summer months when our chief went to England. We were required to produce two long leaders six days in the week, and so little happened in the dull summer months that a substitute who could offer a wide range of topics was eagerly engaged.

To-day the reverse is the case. The editor, especially of a weekly, is so overwhelmed with topics that he hardly knows which to choose. There is expected of him an omnipotent knowledge of foreign affairs, finance, economics, and sociology, never demanded of Mr. Godkin and his great contemporaries. There were then only a few dailies on the Atlantic seaboard interested in foreign events. Our war with Spain began the change. If it is true that the farther west one goes now, the less space one finds given to foreign news and the less informed the editorial comment becomes, on the other hand there is far greater attention given to other countries by the American press than ever before. Indeed, we lay far more overseas *news* before our readers than do any other newspapers, with the exception of such dailies as the London *Times* and *Telegraph* and the *Manchester Guardian*. I mean telegraphic dispatches, and am not referring to semi-editorial foreign correspondence, which is chiefly sent by mail. Yet despite the increased news we are printing, both foreign and domestic, despite much intelligent comment, the fact is that the power of the press in the United States and elsewhere to influence public opinion is declining.

For this there are a number of reasons. Primarily, as the tragic demise of the New York *World* and *Evening World* has reminded us, the daily tends to disappear. Within ten years fully three hundred American dailies have perished, and the new births hardly offset a tithe of the loss. There is now evidence that the trend among newspapers is as distinctly toward monopoly as elsewhere in industry. Chicago, for example, has practically only two morning dailies, Pittsburgh but one. New York has seen in recent years the disappearance of the *Herald*, *Sun*, and *World* from the morning field. There are only three serious English language ones left, and one of these is very weak. Again, we have the phenomenon of chain ownership by Mr. Hearst, Mr. Gannett, the Scripps-Howard syndicate, the Ridder Brothers, and various other groups. This control of many dailies brings with it their standardization, the simultaneous printing of the same editorial in perhaps twenty-six cities, the absence of any powerful local figure in the editorial rooms, and, finally, absentee ownership. Each one of the three daily newspapers of Pittsburgh, for example, is owned and managed from New York.

No More Personalities

More than that, we have the disappearance of the great editor, the vibrant personality often nationally known, like Henry Watterson, Horace Greeley, Godkin, Charles A. Dana, Samuel Bowles, and many others. In some cases, as in that of the *New York Times*, this is a deliberate policy. Mr. Ochs feels that the institution should be everything and should

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transcend not only the owner, but any editorial personage. In other cases the great editor does not appear because the daily no longer offers him the editorial freedom it formerly did — Mr. Godkin was as unhampered by the ownership of the *Evening Post* as if he owned it himself, while Mr. Dana, Mr. Greeley, and Mr. Bowles owned their own papers.

Again, the newspaper profession having disappeared, and having been succeeded by the newspaper business, which differs not a whit from any other profit-making concern, the ownership is not in the least interested in hiring men of as vigorous personalities and independence as Mr. Bowles and Mr. Godkin. For these men had beliefs and fixed, unpurchasable principles which they often — yes, usually — upheld with strong and often bitter language, caring not in the least how many advertisers they alienated or how many subscribers they offended. Soon after I joined the *Evening Post*, for example, Mr. Godkin brought upon us a boycott by all save one of the New York department stores which lasted, more or less, a decade, cost us fully a half million dollars, and dealt the paper a blow from which it never fully recovered.

The modern newspaper owner is not in the least bit interested in having an editor of this kind, thank you. He is engaged in a life and death struggle against steadily rising costs and fierce competition in a business which requires ever greater capital investment. He wants to live at peace in the community — at peace with every group. He desires no crusading editor and no muckraker to attack capital or privilege, or vested interests, whether those be bootleggers or corrupt machine politicians or conscienceless magnates of public service corporations. Usually he is content to let his propagandizing be restricted to the creed of the Republican or Democratic Party. He prefers, if he thinks at all consciously of the matter, to do his influencing of the public mind by his headlines, by the emphasis he puts on the news he prints, and especially by the omissions of unpopular or unpleasant facts from his news columns. If it is necessary to berate somebody, why there are always the foreign-born criminals, the radical labor leaders, and, above all, the Bolsheviki — provided by a just Jehovah for that purpose. He can jump on them without touching either subscribers or advertisers.

A Weak Press

Yes, the newspaper manager of today must advance; year by year he must show increased circulation for its own sake and in order to get more advertising. To stand still — here again the New York *World* is our proof — is to die. As a result the editorial page, provided it is safe, sane, and harmless, interests the business manager far less than Calvin Coolidge's daily platitudes or the latest comic strips. Some of our richest and most successful dailies are practically without editorial pages; at least there are those like the Philadelphia *Bulletin* and the New York *Sun* that are without any forceful, or distinguished, or effective editorial writing.

What could be weaker than the editorials of the Washington *Star?* For years they have been written as if for kindergartens or for morons. In the capital of America the editors have been assuming that the intelligence of the great army of governmental clerks is about fourth grade. Elsewhere one finds daily after daily spending much money on improved news services and amusement features, yet altogether content with as ineffective and as prejudiced editorial pages as that of the New York *Herald Tribune*, or the timid, cautiously balanced opinions of the good-Lord-good-devil *New York Times*, with its evident desire to hurt nobody's feelings; or the bitter narrowness and ultra-conservatism of the Portland *Oregonian*, the Cincinnati *Times-Star*, the *Chicago Tribune*, and the Minneapolis *Journal*. With most of our newspapers editorial leadership is no desideratum whatever. Others may blaze the way; they may find even the Protestant churches forging ahead of them in such matters as old-age pensions, birth control, and other reforms. Plainly these editorial pages are deliberately emasculated, deliberately kept uninformed and superficial.

Yet the striking fact is that these same dailies usually recognize the great value of personality in other departments. If they do not employ an outstanding chief editorial writer and broad-gauge molder of public opinion, this does not keep them from hiring a sports writer at $25,000 a year, or a columnist of the type of F. P. A. or Heywood Broun. They know that such men have a big personal following — Broun is surely worth at least 20,-

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000 readers to any daily, and his following grows steadily. As for the sports oracles, why, some are believed to command the devoted interest of an army of 50,000 or more "fans." They are paid accordingly.

The identification of book reviews, foreign dispatches, and special correspondence with the names of their authors is a comparatively recent development almost unknown when I entered journalism. The "by-line" is now awarded to reporters by newspapers which even three years ago were opposed to the practice of featuring the writer of an article. Formerly it was a great honor if a Washington correspondent was allowed to sign his initials. To-day if he is not given his full name at the head of his dispatch he is entitled to feel aggrieved. A David Lawrence may build up a new and large press service just on the strength of his personality and his ability, but four-fifths of the dailies that add his picture and his name to his dispatches insist that they have no need of an editor-in-chief with a personality and a name to attract interest and carry authority. How can one look at the columnists and the new stars like Walter Duranty in Moscow and Isaac Marcosson of the *Saturday Evening Post*, and assert with a straight face that the American public no longer is interested in journalistic personalities?

The truth is that the newspaper proprietor who is out for the dollars solely is afraid of a big personality in his editorial rooms lest such an editor rob him of some of his prestige and relegate him to the second-fiddle bench in his happy journalistic orchestra. Again, a vigorous editor might develop "isms," suddenly become "radical," and so become a disturber of the newspaper's traffic in its progress toward greater and greater prosperity. Also it must be admitted that besides the numerous enlightened proprietors, such as the Cowles brothers in Des Moines, the owners of the Baltimore *Sun*, the Newark, New Jersey, *News*, and numerous others, especially in the South, there are many too ignorant to know what it is really all about, and what is really going on in the world; yes, they are among the last to recognize some of the newer tendencies of the business to which they belong.

Perhaps the worst fault of the unenlightened and undernourished editorial pages is their entire loss of the critical faculty and their kotowing to officialdom. The ability, or desire, to take a Presidential message, or utterance, and to analyze it or to compare it with previous outpourings of the same President, or previous ones, has passed away. Nowhere else in the world, I believe, does an official carry so much weight merely because of his title. One day someone is an agreeable business man in Chicago; on the next he is pitchforked into the Cabinet. On the third day his utterances on trade, the world crisis, unemployment, and the tariffs, are received as from an oracle. No one takes the trouble really to inquire into his qualifications or to check up on his statements as they appear; to point out, for example, that as late as June or July of 1930 he was asserting that there was really no serious crisis, only to declare in May, 1931, that it is the most serious in our history.

A Secretary Garrison is a little-known lawyer in New Jersey on March 3, 1912; he is quite unexpectedly appointed on March 4, just in time to be sworn in at the Wilson inauguration. On March 5 he is the greatest living authority on matters military, and the American people are expected to assent to everything that he says about preparedness, or America's military policy. One wonders just now whether the crisis in which we struggle and suffer to-day may not yet help to deflate some of the Cabinet prophets in the eyes of the press. If it does, it will be almost worth the price — for the press.

A Wise Public

On the other side of the fence, the public is by no means ignorant of what has been going on. It reads editorials with its tongue in its cheek. It knows that the daily is primarily after the almighty dollar. It knows that only in increasingly rare instances does the editor have freedom of conscience, or the owner place public service above profits. It is quite aware that little or no news unfavorable to an advertiser appears in the columns of its favorite daily, and its cynical comment is: "Well, they've got to live, haven't they?" So the public frequently entirely disregards the advice of the newspapers, as is illustrated by the numerous elections in Chicago and New York in which the voters have gone directly contrary to an almost united press. The late Senator Medill McCormick once bitterly remarked to me after his defeat for reëlection that he would

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have been reëlected if only his brother's paper, the *Chicago Tribune*, had not supported him! The onus of that support had been too much for him to bear.

Once the public was influenced by what a Bowles, or Dana, or Greeley, or Raymond wrote. It knew the men and their points of view; the dailies were characterized by the editors' names, not by the owners'. They may have been restricted in range as they were often too solid to be entertaining. But, as has just been said of a corresponding period in the press of England, at least they "exercised a conscious social function in criticizing and directing the political and social life of the country," and most of them did it conscientiously and with responsibility even when their political philosophy got in the way of their social philosophy. They were not afraid to offer serious reasoning, elaborate argumentation. They refused to lay their course by solicitousness toward the advertiser on the one hand, or by fear of the readership on the other.

To-day the public takes the mass production of the newspapers much as it accepts the toothpaste or breakfast food modern advertising now forces upon it — and too often turns first to the sport pages. Others innumerable read the first page carefully, the headlines on the second and third, and then the stock tables. How can one be expected to read through forty-eight or fifty-eight pages in the subway, or en route to Hackensack — especially uninteresting editorials?

But I hear it said: "After all, the editor only gives the public what it wants." Bosh! That is the excuse with which the editor salves what little remains of his own conscience. There are editors galore who assure you that you cannot make a success of a daily without comic strips, "funny" Sunday supplements, sensational pictures all over the news pages, and headlines that render the make-up typographically crazy. How is it then that the *New York Times* has made such a tremendous success without comic strips, or Sunday comics, or headline atrocities, or endless vulgarities? How is it that the Baltimore *Sun* and the St. Louis *Post-Dispatch* live well, if not rolling in luxury, by keeping to the best standards of the old journalism — dignity, taste, accuracy, newsiness, and eschew the vulgar, the banal, and screaming sensationalism? The truth is that the editor gives the reader not what the reader says he wants — the reader being practically entirely inarticulate — but what the editor thinks will lure the greatest number of people to buy his precious sheet; at bottom most of the fraternity uses exactly the selling technique of the barkers of the side shows of the village circuses.

I wish I knew the number of editors and owners who have defended to me their failure to print political speeches and public documents in full and also, from time to time, copious extracts from the debates in Congress. These men are usually great admirers of the success of Mr. Ochs of the *Times;* yet they fail to recognize that he has done just that sort of thing with such conspicuous success that the *Herald Tribune* has paid him the sincerest flattery of imitating him in these respects. No, they will go on telling you that "the public won't read any story over a column long"; that "nobody cares to read a speech except in a Presidential campaign"; and that "printing the exact text of the last naval treaty takes too much space and nobody reads it." The fact is that the average business man and salesman masquerading as editor is too often half-baked, under-educated, and half-trained. Moreover, those who run the gutter type of tabloid dailies would be perfectly ready to deliver obscene pictures daily "because that is what the reader wants," and to mask them as propaganda for "better bodies and better babies" — if only the police would let them.

The facts are, of course, that the journalist of conscience prefers to have his journal perish rather than to pander to the baseness which lies hidden in us all; that he would deem himself recreant to his public trust if he sought to shoulder off upon the public his own responsibility for his acts. He is perfectly aware that the loss of editorial prestige and power to control public opinion by the sound and honest opinions of the editors is due to the voluntary abdication of journalistic leadership by the hired journalists and the owners themselves. But they realize also, in all charity, that the press as a whole is in the grip of those mighty economic currents which are also making over the whole industrial, social, and political life of the world, and are sweeping us into revolution so vast that no man can now gauge its extent or predict the outcome.

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A World-Wide Phenomenon

The interesting thing is that the forces which are so tremendously making over the American press are at work in the press elsewhere quite as well. In England the Liberal press perishes in our sight — witness the combination of the *Daily News* and the *Chronicle*, or the merging of the noble London *Nation* of the late Henry W. Massingham with the excellent *New Statesman*. There the dominance of the press by the ennobled magnates has become so irresponsible, so dastardly, and so conscienceless as to methods, so arrogant in its assumption of greater power than the government, that even Mr. Stanley Baldwin, the Conservative leader, was compelled recently to go out of his way publicly to excoriate the Beaverbrooks and the Rothermeres in language most extraordinarily unrestrained for a British politician.

In Germany too, it appears, the press drifts more and more into the power of the great industrial magnates, while the remaining liberal organs find their very existence jeopardized by the growth of extreme radicalism on the right and on the left.

In numerous European countries such as Hungary, Poland, Italy, Russia, Spain (until the revolution), and others, the press has been emasculated, prostituted, or reduced to disgusting and disgraceful servitude to the particular dictator who happens to be in power. There, and in France, save for a few voices, its freedom and decency have gone. If it still makes public opinion, it does so only because the unfortunate populace has no other sources of information. Yes, but it has! Look at the Spanish revolution. The press was muzzled for years; the whole power of the government thrown against republican manifestations. Yet overnight, without the firing of a shot, the whole rotten edifice went down. There is hope in this for all of us. And a serious warning for those recreant Americans, notably officials, who seek to prohibit Communist meetings and are sending dozens if not hundreds to jail because of their opinions. Propaganda suppressed — it is the old story. The only safety lies in that complete freedom of speech and of opinion which the Constitution of the United States guarantees.

But if our American press fails soundly to mold public opinion, fails to print the truth that makes men free to choose their own way of life and that of the government which is theirs? What then, beside the slow process of the spoken word? We cannot to-day say what the way out of this will be. I have heard competent journalists assert that in twenty years the *New York Times* will have shrunk to the size of a magazine — shrunk by the development of the radio; which raises at once the question as to who is to control the radio — the government, or the people, or private capitalists in search of profit? Perhaps we shall turn back to the era of pamphleteering, as in American Colonial days when the newspapers were few, feeble, and far between. That something will be found let no man doubt. Honest governments will not perish from this earth for lack of the means to disseminate unbiased information. Nor will it be possible in the long run to keep the masses content with the kind of pap, of lies, and half-truths with which, notably, the Bolsheviki are systematically stuffing their pitiful people.

Meanwhile Mr. C. P. Scott of the *Manchester Guardian*, dean and most admired of all British journalists, has just written in the *Political Quarterly:* "The newspaper is a vast machine. What matters is the spirit which lies behind it. The world is its province but that is an empty boast, unless it implies a real fellowship. . . . The world does move and every day it moves faster. The newspaper stands by to interpret, and, where it can, to help. What a spectacle! What an opportunity!" That the bulk of the American press, for the reasons already outlined above, beholds the spectacle, fails to interpret it, and utterly neglects its opportunity and shirks its responsibilities, is profoundly discouraging. To have destroyed by itself the influence of editorial utterance is a sin against the covenant, if only because ours is a two-party system dependent for its health and its progress upon an informed and enlightened electorate, constantly exposed to new and, if need be, unpopular ideas by a free, a fearless, and untrammeled press.

Next month — "What Is News?" by Stanley Walker, City Editor of the New York *Herald Tribune*

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The Seven Blunders of the World

by **HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON**

I TAKE the word "blunder" to mean: "A gross and avoidable mistake which brings irreparable disaster upon the perpetrator thereof."

Let me shed some further light upon this rather intricate definition by a concrete example. If I bump up against a stranger somewhere in the streets of New York and say, "Hey, you big bum! Look where you're going," (unconsciously borrowing the charming mode of expression of our handsome traffic officers), and that person, as I find out a few days later, happened to be Gene Tunney, then I have merely made a mistake. But if I go out of my way to pick a quarrel with a man whom I know to be Tunney and tell him that he is only a little bit of a sawed-off shrimp (which, speaking in the matter of tonnage he undoubtedly is when compared to the author of this eminently learned essay), then I commit a "blunder" and I soon realize it.

So I shall restrict myself in the enumeration of my pet blunders to such events as were avoidable, and I shall not take them at random but I shall devote one blunder apiece to every important social, spiritual, and economic organization which has played a rôle of importance during the last three thousand years. I shall not go too far back. The greatest blunder of all time probably occurred on the day when the first of our prehistoric ancestors discovered that by making certain grunts and wheezes he could impart his own ideas to some of the more intelligent among his neighbors and when (here comes the blunder) he did not keep that information to himself but set the whole world talking and caused all the misery that has followed in the wake of knowledge imparted to the unteachable. But that happened so long ago that we had better leave it out of consideration and for the present moment, at least, confine ourselves strictly to the last three thousand years.

Drawings by James Daugherty

BLUNDER NUMBER ONE. — *Allowing through sheer carelessness the murder of Abraham Lincoln at the moment when he could least be spared.* In the first place, then, I beg to offer you the worst blunder, the most ghastly blunder, the costliest blunder in the history of our own country since its beginning.

On the fourteenth of April of the year 1865, Abraham Lincoln, having just returned from the city of Richmond, visited Ford's theater in Washington for an evening of relaxation after one of the most trying periods in his very trying life. The secret service people must have suspected that after such a tremendous upheaval as four years of civil warfare the woods would be full of fanatics who, no longer able to exhibit their glorious posturings on the field of battle, would try to distinguish themselves in other and more terrible ways. But they took no precautions whatsoever for the safety of their President, and he was murdered as a result of their criminal negligence. His death retarded the normal development of the relations between the South and the North for at least an entire generation. His successor, poor, boozy

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Johnson, was a man of the plain people (very, very plain indeed). And the slothful blunder of those entrusted with the care of the Chief Executive of a nation going through a terrifically difficult era of readjustment caused what must always be regarded as a national disaster reaching far beyond the death of a great and kind individual.

BLUNDER NUMBER TWO. — *Refusal of the Allies to make peace with Germany before Russia had gone over to Bolshevism.* This was the worst blunder in modern years. On November 7, 1917, the Bolsheviks had driven the Kerensky government out of power and had occupied Petrograd. Whether the Germans had favored the return of Lenin to Russia we do not know for sure. Very likely they had done so. They would have overlooked an excellent card if they had not played so valuable a King of Spades at so precious a moment. But they quickly enough recognized the danger to their own future safety if they allowed the Bolsheviks to be entirely victorious and establish themselves as the rulers of Russia. A little bit of street fighting in Petrograd to weaken the Imperial Government — yes, that by all means! But a full-fledged Marxian Republic on their eastern flank — no, that was not what they had bargained for. They fully realized what this would mean and von Kühlmann, who was then the German foreign minister, approached the Allied powers by way of Switzerland and Holland and proposed that the possibilities of a reasonable peace be discussed before it was too late. He offered far-reaching concessions to the French national pride in regard to Alsace and Lorraine and expressed the willingness to meet the Allies more than halfway in regard to all other questions.

But the Allies did not recognize the peril implied in the word "world revolution." They put their faith in that mysterious London propaganda which even to-day predicts the downfall of the futile Bolshevik uprising within the next three weeks. Clemenceau, who had lived for the last sixty years of his life on hate and onion soup, as other old gentlemen have succeeded in thriving upon buttermilk and kindliness, would have shot anybody who dared propose a solution which failed to satisfy his own sadistic desire for revenge. Most unfortunately, he was able to make the rest of the world accept his own prejudices as manifestation of an "inspired patriotism." And so the negotiations came to nothing. A year later, Germany was defeated. Two years later, the whole world had been defeated. I am writing these words fourteen years after the event, and Brother Bolshevik is sitting pretty in the Moscow Kremlin and the rest of Christianity is wringing its hands and saying, "If only we had not let things come to such a pass!" And the Goddess of History smiles pleasantly and whispers, "A bit too late, my dear friends."

BLUNDER NUMBER THREE. — *The Destruction of Jerusalem by Titus, in 70 A.D., forcing the Jews into exile all over the world and helping thereby the dissemination of that Christianity which eventually was to destroy Rome.* And now for some other errors of judgment. The Romans had had a great deal of experience with the

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Jews. They had known them intimately for several centuries and they must have clearly recognized that that strange Judaic nationalism, based upon the most rigid laws of an uncompromising spiritual intolerance, was the sort of thing one could deal with in only one way — by leaving it severely alone. Instead of putting a *cordon sanitaire* (I borrow the expression from a French general who suggested such treatment for Russia a few years ago) around the small enclave of Palestine, turning it into a first-century Indian reservation and leaving those queer people blissfully to themselves and to the fury of their own partisan strife (which in the end would have made them destroy each other), they not only interfered with the affairs of those obstinate zealots but they besieged their capital city and took it by storm and destroyed it and forced the survivors to spread all over the length and breadth of the vast imperial territories.

Three hundred years before, in the case of Carthage, they had very clearly realized that there could be no compromise between the two conflicting races as long as they were both of them obliged to live along the banks of the same inland sea. But in the year 70 they forced the Jews, who were at that precise moment beginning to take notice of a mysterious new prophet whose teaching they either accepted or rejected with shrill-voiced enthusiasm or horror, to spread all over the Empire. And of course those small Jewish settlements became the natural breeding places for the discussion and dissemination of a doctrine which was as dangerous to the safety of the state as the teachings of Lenin and Marx were to be to that of our modern capitalistic and industrial society. In the end, as we all know, the new ideas triumphed and Rome as a social and political organization disappeared from the face of the earth.

No, Titus should never have destroyed Jerusalem. He should have left the Jews alone. It was a sad error of judgment on his part. One of the worst of all history.

Blunder Number Four. — *Refusal of the Jews to make common cause with Mohammed, thereby throwing away their last chance to make Judaism a world-wide religion.* Well, it appears that everybody is apt to commit a blunder now and then and here is one the Jews themselves made six centuries later, a most costly hallucination of greatness which deprived Judaism of its last chance to become a world power.

When Mohammed first commenced his "evangelistic" labors in the city of Medina (I know that word is not the right one, but I want you to think of the Mecca camel merchant as a sort of prehistoric Billy Sunday, slightly better mannered and fortunately a little less crude than our own great preacher of the Gospel for the dumb), there was a large colony of Jews in that prosperous commercial center. And Mohammed, who had not been any too successful in his spiritual endeavors, was looking for some ready-made issue that should give him a quicker and safer chance to acquire power and success than the homemade brew of philosophy which so far was all he had been able to offer his impatient followers. He therefore made overtures to the Jews of Medina, offering to accept their whole system of religion with only a few small modifications to suit the taste and the prejudices of his fellow Arabs.

But the Rabbis regarded him with great suspicion. They decided that they must first examine him on his knowledge of the mysterious and complicated books which had come to mean so much more to them than the Old Testament. Mohammed, who had led a very active life, was the last person in the world to feel any enthusiasm for the clever verbal intricacies of the Torah. The Rabbis, instead of overlooking his theological shortcomings for the sake of gaining him as their political champion, called

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Mohammed an imposter and accused him of being a false prophet and flatly refused to have anything to do with him. The ruler of Medina, who meanwhile had discovered that these descendants of Abraham, Jacob, and Moses made very poor soldiers, rudely withdrew the hand he had proffered in friendship and disposed of those enemies in the usual Moslem fashion — by exterminating them. Had the Jews of Medina accepted Mohammed's offer, the Jewish faith to-day would be the dominant religion of the greater part of Asia and northern Africa.

Blunder Number Five.—*Indifference of the other Christian nations to the fate of Byzantium, thereby allowing the Turk to get a foothold in Europe.* Christianity was capable of an equal lack of foresight and proved it conclusively during the first half of the fifteenth century when Constantinople, the old bridgehead of Europe against Asia, sent forth desperate calls for help against the threatening menace of the Turks, who had recently been converted to Mohammedanism and who intended to make the old town along the banks of the Bosporus the capital of their fast growing world empire. Christianity, however, remained dumb to those entreaties and sat smilingly by while the hordes of Sultan Mohammed II stormed the gates of Byzantium. This happened exactly eighteen years after the ghastly tragedy of Rouen where the English lost their chance of ever getting hold of part of the continent by burning the French national heroine. But the fate of Jeanne of Domremy was not really an international issue and that is why I cannot include her in my official list of one hundred per cent blunders. In the year 1453 Constantinople was taken by the Turks and to-day we are still suffering the consequences of that irreparable historical mistake.

Blunder Number Six. — *Unwillingness of the Church to placate Luther or bring about a compromise with him, causing the Reformation and the splitting up of the Church into two hostile factions.* Alas, the Church as represented by Rome, which so often had proved itself infinitely wiser than mere Christianity, could at times also be tempted into committing errors which we can only describe as out-and-out blunders. Otherwise, when a certain professor of theology in a little tidewater college somewhere in the barbaric northern part of central

Europe happened to visit Rome in the year 1511, the Papal authorities, who as a rule had a very fine nose for that sort of thing, would have recognized the necessity of gaining the good will of this brilliant but obstinate and difficult German peasant and they would have treated him with that suave consideration which has rarely failed of its purpose when the object of such attentions was within the reach of the Vatican. Furthermore, a few years later, when this same young man had begun his career of organized opposition, they would, if they had been wise, have granted him at least the major part of his demands, rather than allow the issue to become the cause of a rebellion. But they were blind and deaf. During the fatal years from 1517 until 1527 they overlooked every opportunity for reconciliation. And as a result, the Church suffered an amputation from which it has never been able to recover.

Blunder Number Seven. — *The error of our grandfathers who taught the natives in their colonies to read and write and thereby forced them to think for themselves, with the immediate result that the white man is being kicked out of the prosperous colonies which he once exploited.* As for my last blunder — ah, indeed, that was a very sad one and one for which our own fathers and grandfathers were directly responsible! Perhaps prosperity had gone to their heads. They had conquered every part of the world that was not able to defend itself suc-

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cessfully with bows and arrows against the onslaught of gunpowder and dynamite. After three centuries of murder and plunder they were merrily exploiting hundreds of millions of little black and brown and yellow men and they were growing rich on the proceeds of their labors.

And then unfortunately they could not leave well enough alone, but they must go and force those unwilling little yellow and brown and black men and their wives and children to learn how to read and how to write. After a very short while the little yellow and brown and black men began to take an interest in this amusing and novel pastime. Next they took the whole thing most seriously and were importing entire libraries from London and Amsterdam and Moscow to satisfy their thirst for knowledge. And of course the moment they began to ask questions in a serious way, the days of the white man as the happy and prosperous exploiter of the colored races were numbered.

At the moment of writing these few lines, in all of the colonies the white man is fighting a rear-guard action. He has lost China and Egypt and he is fast losing India and Africa. Another dozen or fifteen years and the great colonizing era of history will have come to an end. It will have come to an end through a perfectly natural and honorable blunder on the part of our ancestors, who believed reading and writing and all forms of intellectual curiosity must be a positive blessing to every member of the human race. When I contemplate the incredible stupidities that have been committed in the name of the alphabet, I must humbly rise to express a doubt.

$300 for Blunders

What do you consider the seven worst blunders in history? The Editor invites you to submit your selection in competition with the other readers of The Forum. A prize of $300 will be awarded to the winning paper, which will be published in The Forum.

Read the following rules carefully:

1. There will be only one prize awarded — $300 in cash.

2. The contest is open to everyone — non-subscribers as well as subscribers — except employees of The Forum and their families.

3. Each contestant must list seven blunders which are *not* among those chosen by Mr. van Loon, and state briefly why each deserves to rank as one of the greatest. The papers will be judged equally upon the blunders chosen and the reasons given for their choice.

4. Papers must not exceed 1200 words.

5. The contest will close at midnight on Thursday, October 1, 1931.

6. Papers should be either typewritten or penned in legible handwriting, and must bear the name and address of the contestant. Mail them to the Contest Editor.

7. The Forum will not return papers submitted in the contest and will not enter into correspondence about them.

8. Each contestant may submit as many papers as he pleases.

9. The Editor of The Forum will be the sole judge of the contest.

10. The submission of a paper in the contest will be understood to mean that the contestant accepts the rules here given and will abide by the judgment of the Editor.

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These "United" States

by **WILLIAM B. MUNRO**

THE FRENCH statesman, Jules Ferry, once suggested that in order to stay united a great nation should try to keep disunited. His paradox points to a truth which is too often overlooked by the prophets of nationalism, namely, that any volatile mass, when it grows large enough, will get out of hand unless there are forces operating from different directions to keep it stabilized. This law of counterpoise does not restrict itself to the universe of nature alone. It holds for the social structure as well.

Hence the diversity of interests and opinion which one finds within the four corners of the United States is not a source of national weakness, but of strength. It prefigures the principle of checks and balances pushed down into the minds of the people — which is the place where its operations give the maximum security. Division of power at the top is not nearly so effective, from the standpoint of public stability, as diversity of popular opinion at the bottom.

A hundred and twenty million Americans call themselves "one nation indivisible," but as a matter of fact they encompass more internal divisions than can be found in any other nation the world over. Most happily, however, these divisions cut across one another from different directions. They parcel the country into a bewildering network which defies the genius of anyone to untangle. An "opinion map" of the United States, if it were a possibility, would be an amazing affair, with all the colors of a spectrum constantly shifting like bits of glass in a kaleidoscope. Some of the cleavages run broad and deep. They are the manifestations of diversity in race, in religion, in regional environment, and in economic interest. Others are merely related to some public issue which will presently pass off the stage and be replaced by others which give rise to new alignments.

Thus we have, in addition to the juxtaposition of native born and foreign born, Catholic and Protestant, Jew and Gentile, white and black, North and South, East and West, employers and employed, industrialists and agriculturalists, rural and urban — in addition to these we have the more superficial but not less intense rivalry of wets and drys, pro-Leaguers and anti-Leaguers, militarists and pacifists, progressives and standpatters, fundamentalists and modernists, socialists and individualists, high tariff and low tariff partisans, debt-cancellers and seekers for their full pound of flesh, with a hundred other conflicts of attitude on questions such as public ownership, the recognition of Soviet Russia, adhesion to the World Court, the disposition of Muscle Shoals, old age pensions, higher surtaxes, and all the rest. Assuredly the United States is a house divided against itself, but so badly divided that it can hardly fall in any one direction.

The first and most fundamental basis of internal division is geographic. The architects of the universe made sectionalism inevitable in the United States by differentiating the land into great regions which are wholly unlike in their natural resources and hence in their economic capacity. The Atlantic seaboard, even in the earliest days of the Union, developed interests and aspirations which were different from those of the hinterland, and it has retained these ever since. The Southeast does not think as the Northwest does and there is no reason why it should.

Points of view are closely related to economic interest. Insurgency comes out of the West when the price of wheat skids low. Wall Street always roots for the administration when the stock market is buoyant. Corn is called a "Republican crop" while cotton is designated, with very good reason, as a "Democratic crop." Most legislators have home-district reservations hitched to all their fundamental principles. Senator Hiram Johnson believes in

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tariff revision downward — but not on citrus fruits. Senator Walsh of Massachusetts feels just the same way about shoes and textiles. Hancock was hardly right when he called the tariff "a local issue." It is a national issue built out of sectional ambitions. In other words the Congress of the United States, although its members are assumed to represent the states and the people, is in reality an assemblage of sectional ambassadors. It is a great economic council whose primary solicitude is to see that no part of the country gets any business advantage over any other part. The student of American politics should keep one eye on the map. He should remember that not people alone, but land and people, constitute these United States.

One need only follow the course of a tariff bill on its hectic journey through the Capitol to realize that the principle of a fair sectional split is the first law of Congressional economics. Even the stanchest party allegiance gives way when sectional interests are at stake. The crossing of party lines in the Senate and the House is more often related to such home-district demands than to any divergence in political philosophy. Europeans often fail to understand the sinuosities of American politics because they overlook this fact. They think of New York and Kansas in the same terms because both are under the same flag, obey (more or less) the same Constitution, and speak (more or less) the same language. But these are about the only things that they have in common, while a hundred deep-reaching features of social and economic differentiation hold them apart.

II

THEN THERE are the racial and religious divisions. One need only look at the schedule of national origins, on which the immigration quotas are now based, to realize what an amazing ethnic polyglot goes under the caption of the American people. Within the great category of foreign born, however, there are innumerable subdivisions, and most fortunately so, for it would be a serious menace to the stability of the American nation if all or nearly all persons of foreign extraction were enrolled in a single political party or professed a single religious affiliation. Political controversies always develop intense bitterness when party lines coincide with racial and religious divisions. It has been the good fortune of the United States to have avoided this identity of alignment although there are now a few signs that we are moving closer to it. In some of the larger cities the existing party divisions represent racial cleavage and little else.

Men and women often go to the polls as they go to church. In thousands of American communities they are primed from the pulpit on the Sunday before the election. Some racial strains are inclining more and more to political solidity; nevertheless a good deal of cross-division remains. Voters of Irish birth or descent in the cities of New England and in New York are almost unanimously affiliated with the Democratic party. But in Pennsylvania, on the other hand, and in the cities of the Middle West, there is a large Irish-Republican element. Among voters of German descent the tendency is to Republicanism, although it is not strongly so. Citizens of Polish ancestry drift mostly into the Democratic ranks, while Scandinavians incline heavily to the other side and often to the insurgent branch of it. The Italians, as a race, have not gone into either of the major political parties, but are well distributed, and the same is true of the Jews.

The desirability of maintaining this dispersion is self-evident. If anyone has doubts on this score, let him go to the countries of Central Europe and note what the identification of racial with political lines has accomplished there. The politician who strives to bring all his co-religionists into one political party is merely doing what he can to break down one of the chief props to American national security by substituting historic hatred for rational disagreement as the basis of party organization.

The political history of the South during the past half century should provide us with a lesson in this field. The measurably close identity of color and politics has bedeviled public life in the great region south of Mason and Dixon's line during the whole of this period. If there had been some way whereby the newly enfranchised Negroes could have been steered into both the major parties, instead of being concentrated into one of them, it would have changed the whole temper of southern politics and would have made this galaxy of states a far more constructive force in the

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public life of the nation than it has been during the past half century. The South will be more influential in American national politics when it ceases to be solid, if it ever does. The two issues which have caused the most bitterness in our political life during the past hundred years are neither the tariff, nor free silver, nor farm relief, but slavery and the freedom of Ireland. Both had a racial basis.

Then there is the division between capital and labor, employer and employed, classes and masses. Many attempts have been made in the United States to gather all the industrial workers into a single political group and set them up against "the interests"; but so far without much success. The labor vote has never been captured in its entirety by either of the major party organizations; on the contrary it is fairly well divided between them, if one surveys the country as a whole. The same is true of the men who till the soil. In the years immediately following the close of the World War it was hoped in some quarters that a powerful Farmer-Labor party could be created and that by drawing into its fold the two largest occupational elements in the American electorate this new party could make itself dominant at the polls. But the movement proved to be a flop. Neither group was willing to cast its old allegiance aside.

It is quite true, no doubt, that if the farmers and industrial workers of the United States could be welded into a single organization there would not be much chance for the rest of us; but such a permanent combination is virtually inconceivable, because the immediate interests of the two groups are diametrically opposed at almost every point. The farmer's ambition is to keep the price of food stuffs up and the price of manufactured products down. The industrial worker wants this program turned end for end. The farmer wants transportation rates lowered, with a corresponding reduction in the wages of railroad labor. The four big brotherhoods are not likely to be thrilled by that program. Thus the two numerically strongest pressure groups in the United States, farmers and workers, are set in straight juxtaposition by their diverging economic interests and this precludes any lasting political alliance between them.

People often speak of capitalism as a unified factor in American life. The business interests are assumed to be thoroughly solid by those who seek to hold them up as a political ogre. But the split in their ranks is as great as anywhere else. There are the independent banks, for example, and the chain banks — with no love lost between the two. They have carried their battle to the floor of Congress. The chain stores, as everyone knows, have split the mercantile interest in twain and by reason of the antagonism which they have created are now facing an attempt to curb them through the process of discriminatory taxation. Big and little oil companies, shoe factories, power plants, and all the rest are in the strongest kind of rivalry. Far from being integrated, the so-called "interests" are perhaps the most hopelessly divided grouping that we have. Their apparent inability to get together on any kind of constructive program in the present emergency is proof of it.

III

THEN WE HAVE the set-off of the rural areas against the large urban centers, a *vis-à-vis* which is born of mutual suspicion and distrust. It crops out at every legislative session with the arraying of upstate against downstate, or of the big cities against the rest of the commonwealth. The rural voter mistrusts the city, its motives, its methods, and its mayors. It is not a mere accident that the political complexion of the larger cities is so often different from that of the states in which they are located. It is because the rural voter and the small town voter believe their interests to be different from those of the electorate in the leviathan communities. So trammels demanded by the *âme rigide*, the bucolic conscience, are written into the city charters.

Slouch-hatted Solons from the cow counties insist on putting the metropolitan communities under bonds for good behavior. Even when the cities have grown to equal or outrank the rest of the state in point of population they often manage to do this because of discriminatory provisions which are anchored in the State Constitution. Baltimore, for example, has half the population of Maryland, but elects only one-fifth of the Senators in that state. Rhode Island allows Providence only one Senator; on a population basis it would be entitled to sixteen. In New York State the provision that each county, irrespective of population, shall

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have at least one assemblyman is the device used for preserving the lower house from the clutches of the metropolis. No one can understand our state politics unless he keeps constantly in mind this conflict of urban and rural which often overshadows the party rivalry.

On a larger scale, and hardly less intense, is the mistrust with which New York City is regarded by the rest of the country. Americans of the hinterland look upon this throbbing wen of humanity as a place apart. Thousands of them go to it, from time to time, as to foreign soil, with the thrill of getting something new, bizarre, different, and indeed un-American. In the imagination of the country at large, New York is a place with a boundless ambition to rule and to dominate the whole country's politics, finance, opinion, and morals. The rest of the land is not minded to let it do anything of the sort.

A candidate for the Presidency, if he comes from New York City, has something to live down. In the great domain of Yokeldom it is the fashion to hold Wall Street responsible for most of the nation's grief — especially in these days when book values are sometimes written off at the rate of a billion a day. The regionalized structure of the Federal Reserve bank system, as Congress has devised it, is a monument to the distrust with which the rest of the country regards a place which in any other nation would be assigned its financial hegemony without question.

Macaulay once said that all men are divided by temperament into two classes, and only two, that is, conservatives and liberals. Every country has these two elements, no matter by what names they may be disguised. In the United States the congenital conservatives and liberals are probably not widely apart in their numerical strength; but they are rather unevenly distributed in the existing political organizations and in the territorial regions. Liberalism in virtually all its phases has its least strength in the South and its greatest in the Far West. This seems to be true in politics, religion, education, and social relations. If we were to have a reorganization of our major political parties on lines which Professor John Dewey and others have proposed it is by no means certain that the Liberals would do otherwise than replace the Democrats as the party which is habitually out of power.

Overlapping all these fundamental divisions, which are more or less permanent, we have an even longer number which come into being when issues arise and then fade out when the controversies are closed. The free silver question, back in the nineties, inspired groupings which have now disappeared. Prohibition has taken its place to-day as the chief destroyer of well-built political fences. But the present division of the American people into wet and dry camps is very different from anything that we have ever had before. It does not strictly follow regional lines, or vocational, or racial, much less is it a matter of social status. There are dissensions on this issue even in the same family. No other question of public policy since slavery days has made such strange bed-fellows as this one — with society leaders and even clergymen sometimes pleading the cause of publicans and sinners, while bootlegging interests are contributing funds for the protection of the Eighteenth Amendment. Whatever may be said of prohibition as a moral issue, its enforcement has at any rate drawn more brains and money into the business of violating the law than any other piece of legislation has ever done in the history of mankind.

IV

So we have a union without unity of ideals, interests, attitude, or opinion. On scarcely anything is there a consensus among our people. This is because of our relatively brief history as a nation, our sectional differentiation, and our racial admixture. We have no common background in which the whole people can take pride. All this makes leadership difficult and fosters the acceptance of national policies which are largely the product of compromise. No movement can proceed very far in the United States without encountering an adverse current which slackens its progress or stalls it altogether. Not alone the Constitution, but the country is full of checks and balances.

Yet as a nation we hold together amazingly. In their spirit of nationalism the people of the United States are not outmatched by any other. This is in part because of our physical isolation, on a huge island between the world's two largest oceans, far removed from all the other powerful nations of the earth. This isolation has developed nationalism at the expense of internationalism in America. For most of our

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people the horizon stops at the water's edge.

Something may also be attributed to the fact that we are, in an economic sense, virtually self-sufficient and independent. There are no necessities of life, and few luxuries, which the United States cannot produce within her own borders. Raw materials are found, manufactured, marketed, and consumed — all within one jurisdiction. This brings home to us a certain larger sense of unity in economic interest, despite the lesser internal divisions, and we protect it by a towering tariff wall. As a corollary all parts of the nation are commercially interdependent. The free flow of trade within continental United States, from Atlantic to Pacific and from the Canadian border to the Gulf, is the most powerful unifying force we have. A larger volume of trade passes back and forth through this area than in all the countries of Europe put together. In that sense we are the primate among free-trade nations, although commonly regarded as the world's foremost exponent of protectionist policy.

E pluribus unum. The accent is on the *pluribus*. Let us hope that it will stay there. Nothing could be more detrimental to the national stability than that every American should become a "hundred per cent American," as some of our super-patriots would have it. For this would mean that people have ceased to differ, and when they have ceased to differ they have ceased to think. A continued vigorous development of group-distinctiveness is our most dependable safeguard against mass action dictated by mob psychology. To stay united, let us endeavor to keep disunited.

The Same Boat

Drawings by John Alan Maxwell

by FRANCES M. FROST

I

JUDITH WANTED to dance. When she was a little girl in Camden, she had wanted to. It was something in her — a madness, a fire, a gladness. . . .

They had lived next door to a music teacher, whose music room windows opened on the lawn between the two houses. On Wednesday nights, Miss Wilson's mandolin club used to practice in the music room. Judith, when Mother wasn't looking, would run outdoors and dance on the lawn that had grown shadowy with the shadowy evening. She smiled now, remembering herself, a short child in a gingham dress, with a big bow on her Dutch cut, dancing

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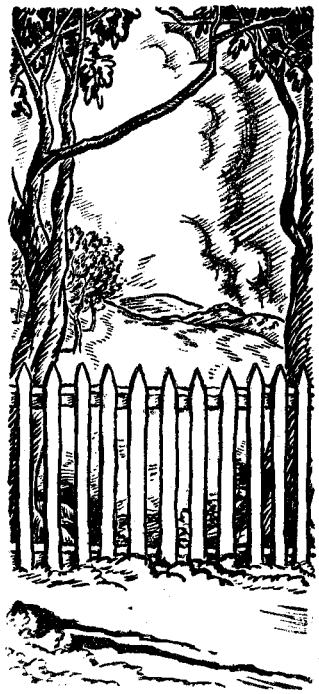

madly to the music of the mandolins and piano, happy, happy!

She turned off the electric switch, and the washing machine whined and stopped its roar. In the sudden hush that followed, Judith heard the baby jouncing in her crib. She hurried into the living room and glanced at her watch on the table. It was almost time for another feeding. Back in the small kitchen, she set a pail under the washer and drained off the dirty water, carrying the heavy pailfuls from the washer to the sink with many soft grunts. She had never been any good at lifting things. She had to refill the washer with clean, warm water. When the swish-swash roar had started again, she leaned against the sink for a minute, feeling weak and tired.

She mixed the milk for the baby's bottle, and before going upstairs she glanced out the front door to see if Teddy was all right. He was playing with the two children from up the road. They were sailing boats and pieces of wood in the big tub of water Judith had put out in the yard for Teddy. Agnes, the girl, was ten, and Everett, the boy, was seven. Teddy looked small and babyish beside them, being five, but he was chattering happily, looking up at them with the air of a friendly commander directing his two bodyguards.

Judith sighed and climbed the stairs, the baby's bottle in one hand and a cigarette in the other. She placed the bottle on the chest of drawers in the front room and sat down on the bed to finish her cigarette. In her crib Joan hopped on her hands and knees, like a small frog, laughing and making strange attempts at speech. Then she pulled herself up by the bars of the crib and stood swaying, her curly head barely reaching over the side; she stared solemnly at Judith, who blew a puff of cigarette smoke at her. Suddenly they both laughed.

Judith put out the cigarette and arose. "Hungry, baby?" She lifted Joan out of the crib and laid her on the bed. The baby wore only a shirt, diapers, and a sweater. Judith didn't believe in dresses, even for girl babies. The less they wore, the happier they were and the more they could hop around. She changed Joan's diapers and put her back into the crib with her bottle.

Downstairs, above the roar of the washer, she heard Teddy's voice lifted in a wail. She ran down hurriedly.

Agnes, holding open the screen door, told her: "He's got a nose bleed. We spilled some water on the grass, and he slipped and bumped himself."

Everett stood dumbly and bashfully on the porch. Teddy, planted squarely in the middle of the living room, was howling and dripping blood on the waxed floor.

Judith smiled at the other children. "It's all right. I'll fix him up. It's lunch time now anyway. He'll be out to play this afternoon after his nap."

Agnes and Everett went off, while Judith carried Teddy to the kitchen and sat him down on top of the washer. Astonished at the roar under the washer-cover, Teddy stopped crying.

"Whoa," said Judith, laughing, turning off the switch. "You don't think you're going to wash my big boy, too, do you? Let's get you cleaned up, sonny. Nose hurt?"

Teddy looked at her and smiled feebly. "No. Can I help you turn the plug, Mommie?"

"After your nose stops bleeding," said Judith, washing his face carefully. She removed his sweater and suit, and helped him into his second-best bathrobe which hung conveniently on the pantry door. "Come on. You'd better lie down a minute till you feel better. I'll call you when I'm ready to drain off the water, and you may help. Up you go."

She adjusted the pillows on the couch, and kissed him lightly. He smiled at her, looking rather white.

"I'm kind of hungry."

"We'll have lunch in ten minutes. Be a good fellow and rest now."

Judith started the electric plate. Coffee for herself; soup for Teddy. Fresh fruit salad, wheat bread, cookies. Teddy watched her while she cleaned the living room floor, and followed her back to the kitchen. He turned the plug

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in the base of the washer and stared, fascinated, while the water poured out into the pail. She had to watch and tell him when the pail was full enough; otherwise he'd let the water pour on forever. He was trying to learn when to turn the plug back, though; she gazed at his intent face and knew that he was really trying. But the pleasure of watching the water was too much; it overbalanced his understanding of the fact that water spilled out on the kitchen floor had to be mopped up. He'd learn in time.

She filled the washer once more with clean water. Lunch was ready. She went upstairs and brought Joan down. Joan sat in the high-chair and ate dry toast and vegetables, while Judith and Teddy talked about ships and the Little Red Hen over the fruit salad. Judith washed the dishes and finished the washing before she gave the children their baths.

II

When Joan's curly head was lying quietly on the flat pillow in the crib, and Teddy was asleep in his own room, Judith went out into the back yard and hung up the washing. While she fastened the little shirts and socks and suits and diapers to the line, she thought of Don, wondering if he were having a hard day at the store. He was always so tired when he came home at night. Very often he went to sleep on the couch immediately after dinner. It wasn't much fun for her; she wanted to talk with him, or go uptown to a movie, or go for a walk up the road. But he was tired.

Back in the house, she sat down in the arm-chair by the living room window and gazed out into the orchard. They had moved to this house, a mile from town, in the fall. The children had needed the fresh air. It had been exciting, getting back to the country again and having an apple orchard all their own, and meadows and woods just beyond the road. It was hard for Don, though, especially during the winter, when he'd had to plow down the drifted road to catch the bus every morning. But now it was late May, and the orchard was blossoming, and the sun and the wind were warm.

When she awoke at seven o'clock in the morning, Judith could lie in bed a little while now, and listen to the crows crying from the woods. There was no furnace to start, and Teddy had recently acquired the habit of leaving a book at the foot of his bed, so that he could look at it, after he awakened, until it was time to get up. Don never stirred until she had called him three or four times. He seemed to be starved for sleep.

Judith reached for a book and read until she heard Joan jiggling the crib. She carried the play-pen out onto the porch, put a rug and some toys into it, and went upstairs for the baby. Teddy heard her and pattered into the front room, watching while she put shoes and socks on Joan, and a woolly sweater.

"Can Joan play ships with me, Mommie?"

"Not yet, Teddy. She isn't big enough. Next summer she will."

"Will Daddy play with me when he comes home?"

"I don't know. You might ask him."

"I'm going to be a sailor and I'm going to run trains. And I'm going to play a violin in a band."

"You're going to be busy, aren't you?" Judith laughed, hugging him. "Wait a minute till I take Joan downstairs, and I'll help you dress."

Teddy climbed up on the bed and kissed Joan's cheek. Joan chuckled and tried to pull his hair, but he ducked.

"She tried to pull my hair!" he said proudly. "She's a big baby, isn't she?"

"She'll be a year old in August," Judith said. "She's got to stop drinking milk out of a bottle. I guess I'll give it to her in your silver cup to-night. Do you mind?"

"Can I have a big glass?"

"Yes. Would you like some now?"

"Um. And an animal cracker."

When Joan was deposited in the play-pen and Teddy was engrossed with his tub of water and his boats, Judith went in and took a bath quickly. She couldn't spend much time in the

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tub now; something might happen to the children. Besides, she had to start planning dinner. Maybe the clothes were dry by this time. She hurried, dusting her slender body with powder; slipping into a pale green dress, she ran a comb through her short hair, powdered her nose, and went downstairs.

At six o'clock, Judith and Teddy sat on the front steps, watching for Don. Joan was in bed. Dinner was ready, except for the last few things to be done after Don came. Teddy snuggled close to Judith, and she put her arm around him.

"Let's sing," he said.

"What?"

He began in his uncertain voice: "Twinkle, twinkle, little star. . . ."

Judith joined him. They sang nursery rhymes until Don came striding up the road. Teddy ran to meet him, crying, "Daddy! I've been sailing ships, Daddy!"

Don caught him up and set him down again. Judith watched the two of them come up the path, between the apple trees. The frogs were crying in the meadows beyond the road. Judith caught her breath sharply and lifted her mouth for Don's kiss.

"Hello, Don."

"Hello, darling. Still living? Gosh, what a day!"

"Was it bad?"

"Terrible. Everything went wrong. Somebody jammed up things in the shipping room —"

"Joan said 'Kitty' to-day, when Ross's black cat went past the porch."

"Did she? Good girl. Dinner ready?"

"All ready," Judith said, smiling at him. They went into the house and Don sat down with a sigh, on the couch in the living room. "Here're your slippers, Don. I'll call you in a minute, as soon as dinner is on the table."

"O.K." he answered.

They lingered over their coffee at dinner. Teddy asked if he might go out and play a little while longer. Judith put a sweater on him and let him go. She came back and sat down opposite Don. While they talked over the happenings of the day, Judith wondered why he hadn't left the table as soon as he'd finished eating, and lain down as he usually did. She looked at his dark hair and at his hands with their long, broad-tipped fingers. Sudden rebellion surged in her. The store was no place for him! If they hadn't been such fools and married so young, life would have been easier for both of them. He didn't want to be bothered with stores and shipping rooms any more than she wanted to be bothered with washings and house-cleaning. The children — well, they were beyond the point. They were sweet and she wouldn't give them up for anything. It was because they didn't have more money — or more courage — that they were skimping along and wearing down their youth in the struggle.

Judith pushed back her chair. "Don, let's dance!"

He jerked his head up and smiled at her. "I'm tired, dear."

"I know," she said. "So am I. But let's try. Please!"

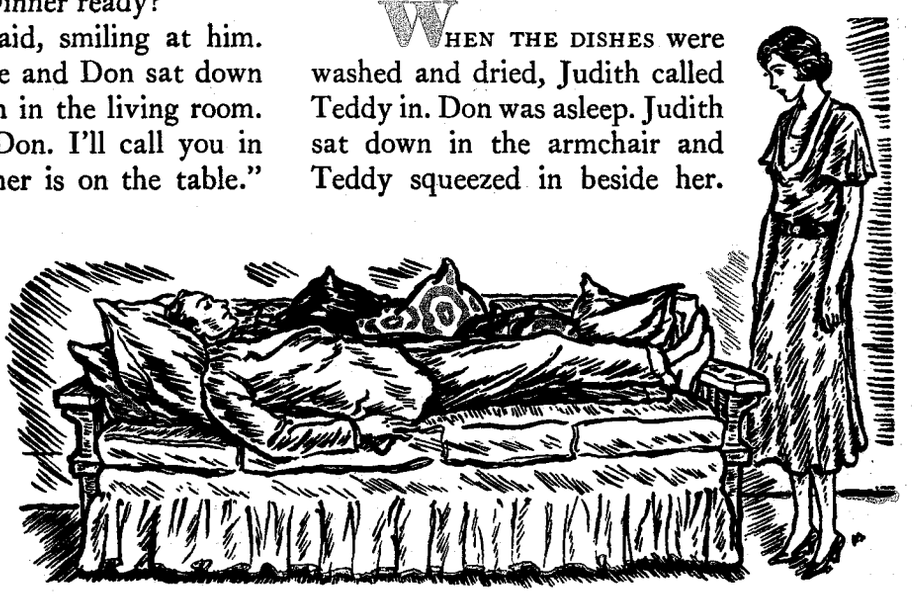
In the living room Judith cranked the victrola, and the music moaned. Don took her in his arms and held her close for a minute. She clung to him. But they couldn't dance. Don was awkward, clumsy. He stumbled, stepped on her foot.

"Oh, hell," he said. "I can't dance with you. It's because you do it so well. It makes me worse. And it's damned humiliating."

He looked angry. Judith stopped the victrola. When she turned around, he was stretched out on the couch, his eyes closed.

III

When the dishes were washed and dried, Judith called Teddy in. Don was asleep. Judith sat down in the armchair and Teddy squeezed in beside her.



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She read him a poem or two and the story of the old woman with the pig that wouldn't go over the stile. He grew drowsy, and she carried him upstairs in her arms. His slim little body was heavy. Soon he would be too heavy to carry. She undressed him and tucked him in bed.

"I want to kiss Daddy," he said, when she turned off the light.

"Daddy's asleep," Judith answered softly. "Go to sleep, too, and see who'll wake up first. Good night."

"Good night, Mommie."

"Good fellow," she murmured, kissing him.

She went back downstairs slowly, listening to the crying of the frogs, wishing she could run away — over to the meadows where the brook was a silver thread in the dusk — up the road to the woods — anywhere. Don's unhappiness, his tiredness, his resentment, weighed her down. She wanted to shake off everything, to be alone with herself.

She stood by the couch, gazing down at Don. He opened his eyes and looked up at her, sighed, and sat up.

"Let's go to bed," he said.

She nodded, not answering. She locked the screen door and closed the heavy inside door. Don climbed the stairs wearily. She heard him cleaning his teeth in the bathroom. The back door locked, and the coffee in the percolator, ready to start in the morning, there was nothing more to do but go up and get into bed, turning toward him for a brief kiss when he finally lay down beside her.

He was asleep in five minutes. Judith lay on her back, staring at the window. Their apple trees were doing well under the influence of spring. The scent of blossoms drifted through the window with the warm wind. There was a moon. Judith, lifting herself on her elbow, caught a glimpse of meadows beyond the orchard, silver, white-silver, with moonlight. Joan, in her crib, stirred and relaxed again with a slight sigh.

Judith arose cautiously, pulled on a sweater over her pajamas, put on her shoes and stockings. Don turned over and continued his steady breathing. Carefully she went out, creaking down the stairway, slowly opening the front door. She left it open and unhooked the screen. It was a moon slightly past full and not yet far above the eastern woods. The crying of the frogs was a savage, delicate foam of sound from the meadows. Judith walked among the trees, pausing to draw a branch down to her face, leaning suddenly against a gnarled trunk and pressing her hand hard against the rough bark. She walked around the orchard and came back again to the trees nearest the porch. The grass was wet with dew and her shoes were wet. Under the shadow of a broad tree, she began to dance, hesitantly, then defiantly.

Don's voice spoke from the porch. "Judith!"

She stopped, looked, dropped to the grass, and covered her face with her hands.

He was kneeling beside her, his arms around her. She clenched her hands, trying to stop the shaking of her body. Don drew her head down.

"Darling, don't!"

"I can't help it! I want to dance!"

"So do I," he said. She looked at him.

"I thought you hated it."

"I hate it because I love it and I can't do it," he said.

It was hard trying to explain. "It's funny," she said, stumbling over the words, "it's — me, I guess. It means being glad I'm alive — or something. It's the only way I can get it out —"

"I know," he said. He shivered.

Judith sat up. "You haven't anything on your feet. And pajamas aren't warm enough."

"Wait," he said, standing up, "I'll get my topcoat and we'll sit on the porch for a while."

Judith rubbed her cheek against his pajama sleeve. "The baby's crying. I'll turn her over and cover her up and be right back."

He waited for her at the foot of the stairs. "We're in the same boat, old girl."

"It's a pretty good boat," she said.

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The Irony of Science

Can It Repair the Damage It Has Done?

by **C. E. AYRES**

I

Science and religion are by nature incompatible, and there is no choice between them. As civilized men we are committed to religion by the circumstances of our life and the life of man throughout the ages; but we of the modern age are also committed to science by other circumstances which rule our lives in other ways but no less potently. Science is the engine of industrialism, and industrialism rules the modern world. I suppose no one doubts the fact that ours is an industrial society, or that science is somehow bound up with the process of industrialization. But what the process means and is going to mean for civilization and just how the fate of science is linked to the fate of industry no one knows. If science could be regarded simply as an intellectual achievement, and industry simply as man's triumph over nature, all our troubles would be over. But science is a peculiarly insidious achievement and machine industry a strangely equivocal triumph. Not only have our old problems not been solved — the problems of misery and squalor and degradation at one extreme of the social scale, and at the other those of arrogance and fatuous futility — but industrialization seems actually to have multiplied them.

On this account it is supremely important for us to understand as clearly as we can just what is the relation of science to the confused transformation which our society is undergoing. Is science the fine flower of the human spirit and industry its accidental by-product? Or is science as accidental and as incomplete as industry? Is science the truth which will make us whole, or is it the technology which has split us in two?

It is my contention that our commitment to science is not one of intellectual conviction and that its force is no mere matter of logic. Science will not make us free, because science itself is not free but is a creature of the confusion in which society is struggling. Obviously this opinion is not the rare fruit of any special insight on my part. The nature and limitations of science are perfectly conspicuous in the gross facts of its history and its present function in society, and all I can do is invite the reader to look and find out for himself whether what I think I see is there. But he must look with an open mind, in that spirit of universal doubt which is the chief ornament of the scientist. There is no use in glorifying scientific skepticism only to take science itself on faith.

Such critical detachment does not imply any disparagement of scientific genius in general or of the particular genius of any individual scientist. When Mr. Bertrand Russell says that Professor Einstein's work is the greatest triumph of intellectual synthesis which the world has thus far witnessed, I am quite disposed to agree at least that Professor Einstein is a very great mathematical physicist, although I am not sure how Mr. Russell measures greatness so as to know beyond peradventure of a doubt that Einstein is greater than Euclid or Newton, or for that matter Mozart or Cézanne. But one may pay the highest honor to a Mozart or an Einstein and credit him with intellectual powers far above the ordinary — certainly far above one's own — without on that account believing that by the sheer magnitude of his genius he is capable of rescuing civilization from its threatened doom. It is not a question of how much scientists have done, but what.

On this account it will not even do to assume that the history of science reveals our racial "genius for observation" in the "discovery of the truth," which is a peculiarly loathsome form of intellectual snobbery. It supposes just a little too much both about science and about ourselves. Assuming as we do (though others might not) that science is a very creditable

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achievement, to explain its accomplishment by our own civilization rather than any other we have only to credit ourselves with a peculiar potency of mind by virtue of which we have done what others could not do. Modestly, with hesitation, we remark that after all science is only truth and that any people might have achieved it who cared, as we do, for the truth — all of which is pure hokum.

Doubtless in the main science is a technique of observation, although mathematics involves no observation whatever but is a language: a system of notation in which instrumental observations are recorded and very marvelously related. What of it? Suppose that Galileo was justified in reiterating that he saw what he saw and that Roger Bacon was right in arguing with the Pope that even theologians should use their eyes and that Francis Bacon did well to praise investigation even though he knew nothing about it and took no interest in it himself; still it does not follow that Aristotle was a dolt or that before the sixteenth century everybody went around with his eyes closed nor yet denying the evidence of his senses out of pure unscientific cussedness.

Granted that for Galileo to look through a telescope, or even to make one in the first place, was an act of genius sufficient to justify us in honoring his name. Nevertheless when we say that telescopy "begins" with Galileo, or that astronomy "begins" with Copernicus, or that physiology "begins" with Harvey, or that anything begins with anybody, we are talking nonsense. Even the medieval schoolmen (than whom, to the scientific mind, no worm is meaner) understood that nobody begins but God. Granting all that it is historically possible to grant to the geniuses of science, the fact remains that circumstances play their part, obscure but indispensable.

II

WHAT WERE these circumstances? Obviously it is impossible to say in full, but I will hazard this remark: that the same circumstances which were shaping science were also, already, conspiring to produce the Industrial Revolution. Look in European history for the germs of science and there you will find also the virus of industrialization. Copernicus did his calculating in the so-called Arabic notation, that is to say in the numerals which are one contribution of Hindu civilization to our so European science; and if anyone is tempted to pooh-pooh this circumstance, let him try making out his income tax returns in Roman numerals. Mathematics is an intricate and astonishingly flexible system of numerical notation. As such it is intimately related to all the sciences, so much so indeed that amenability to mathematical notation is frequently and with much justice taken as the chief criterion of scientific soundness. Now the decimal system, which was introduced into Europe in the late Middle Ages by the Arabs, is the foundation of modern mathematics. It is also the foundation of modern finance. Its introduction was followed by the Copernican revolution. It was also followed by the invention of double-entry bookkeeping.

Similarly Galileo invented the telescope. That is to say, he improved it and employed it in what were certainly very distinguished astronomical observations. But the first telescope of which we have any record was constructed by a Dutch optician, Hans Lippershey. This, says a recent historian of science, was "the result of sheer accident." But in a choice between sheer accident and sheer boloney I prefer the accident. It has a nicer background. In this case the background is the lens industry, and if telescopes are important to science and lenses are important to telescopes, I think it is important to know how the Chinese spectacles, like the Hindu numerals, could appear in Europe by such a remarkable conjunction of circumstances to produce the fairy child, astronomy.

No doubt it was an accident that the optician who tried the device of compounding his lenses was named Lippershey, as it was an accident that the man who put lenses and mathematics together was named Galileo. But it was not an accident that the compounding was done by a lens maker, or that the optical industry had penetrated Europe and found a home in the lowlands of what was once ancient Frisia, a country then worthless except for sheep-grazing, in which accordingly wool culture became specialized, and then the textile industry, and so artisanship in general, and so lens grinding, paper making, printing, and various other matters not without interest to the student of modern culture.

In short, the moment we give up treating

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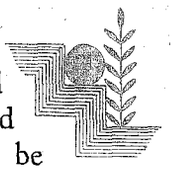
science as a miracle of the modern occidental genius and regard it as a natural and even, so to speak, accidental growth, produced in modern Europe by the unplanned concurrence of a great variety of migratory culture traits, it becomes perfectly clear what science is. It is the combined techniques of numbers and machinery. The proportions in this combination vary. When it seems to be all machinery and no mathematics we call it applied science, and when it seems to be all mathematics and no machinery we call it pure science; but the difference between the two is only one of degree. Whatever the combination, this definition holds: science is the technique of instrumental measurement and mathematical notation. The "truth" of science is an intricate scheme of measurements expressed in mathematical equations and correlations; its value is the value of machinery. Science is the theory of industrial technology and industrial technology is the application of science. Neither is historically possible nor logically intelligible except in terms of the other.



I am not going to attempt to trace the history of science. Quite apart from limits of space and deficiencies of scholarship, nobody can do that. Not enough is known about it. For one thing, such work as has been done in the field is almost exclusively the product of excellent chemists or anatomists whose notion of the structure of society was rudimentary and training in historical research nil, so that their conceptions of society and of history were equally fantastic. And even so, not very much work of any kind has been done, which is rather strange considering the importance of science in the modern world. We know ever so much more about the history of the Christian church! I should like to turn at once to the intellectual frontier of contemporary social science and to observe the frustration of science when it is confronted with the problems of society. But first I should like to point out a major historical fallacy.

We are told by many scholars who are otherwise quite sane that what is the matter with the social sciences is that they have not advanced sufficiently. Not only is this false; it is a cynical perversion of the truth. However young they may be as sciences, as problems they are as old as the human race, while as solutions or at least as the record of human wisdom such as it is they are as old as literature — as old as civilization. Englishmen say that economics began with Adam Smith and Frenchmen say it began with François Quesnay, and both shake their heads over the dubious economic arrangements of the ancients due to their lamentable ignorance of political economy. Strange state of mind! If a sound economic system is the test of a people's enlightenment, then clearly economics did not begin with Adam Smith: it has not begun yet; while if the science of economics be defined as that system of thought devised by the thinkers of the eighteenth century, after all it is not so very remarkable that the eighth century did not share it.

So I say it is all nonsense to lament that science began with mathematics and is approaching human civilization so tardily. Science began with mathematics because science is mathematics, and its first demonstrations dealt with falling bodies and revolving stars because such things are susceptible to measurement with instruments and because measurement with instruments is the scientific method. The question is not why the social sciences began so tardily but whether they are sciences at all: why we ever began to call them sciences. That we should have done so tardily is not a lamentable accident but a historical necessity. Two sets of circumstances have produced the modern social sciences: the increasing pressure of the social problem, and the increasing prestige of the physical sciences. Both are results of the development of science.

III

WHAT MODERN social science really signifies is not the progressive solution of the problems of civilization but our progressive confusion and ineptitude. One reason why ancient civilization did not develop elaborate economic theories is that ancient societies were not industrial. They had no industrial system comparable to ours and therefore required no theory. Whether this is to their discredit is a matter of opinion. If they could observe our present fix, they might conceivably prefer to retain their own rude state.

For the fact of the matter is that we are paying a terrific price for our industrialization.

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I am not thinking of the depression but of the larger crisis in modern life which is symbolized by the opposition of science and religion. Whatever industrial technology has done for us, it has also done this to us: it has upset our whole institutional system. Machines are no respecters of persons; but their effect has been to cause crowns and thrones to totter, kingdoms to rise and fall, to disestablish an ancient aristocracy and raise the burgher to his present supremacy, to detach civilization from the soil in which hitherto it has always had its roots and set it to tending the machines. Civilizations have been dislocated before, but the transformation effected by the Industrial Revolution has been so complete and so sudden that people everywhere have become conscious of an acute problem of social adjustment.

In one sense the social sciences represent our answer to the challenge of this problem. But our answer takes this peculiar form not because it is appropriate but because it is the form which science imposes on all our thoughts nowadays. Whatever problem we face, our first impulse in this scientific age is to measure and calculate. Naturally men and even institutions are to some degree susceptible to instrumental measurement, and in our enthusiasm over science we have been subjecting them to all the measurements we have been able to apply. But the results are not encouraging, for this reason: that men are measurable only in those respects in which they most resemble falling bodies, and societies only in those respects in which they most resemble galaxies of stars, and these numerical aspects of men and institutions are not the ones we want to understand. That is, they are not the ones we especially need to understand. It is true that man-measuring turns out excellent anatomy and even psychology. But the further psychology, for instance, proceeds in that direction, the more like anatomy and physiology it becomes and the less like psychology. The picture of man and society that we get by measuring and counting may be very useful in the form of medicine or military strategy, and I do not mean to speak lightly of the arts of keeping men alive and killing them off. But neither gives us the slightest intimation of the man we are mindful of in human civilization.

This is the irony of science. While we are struggling to maintain our equilibrium in a world gone mechanics-mad we are blandly told that armed with Planck's constant and Moseley's atomic numbers, the degree of deviation of light in gravitational field and the diameter of Betelgeuse, we have only to go forth and arrange the relations of husbands with wives, capital with labor, and citizens with governments. Or if these formulas are insufficient, it is forsooth because we of the social sciences are intellectually backward. We should take a leaf from physical science and proceed at once to devise a mean of monogamy and a coefficient of economic exploitation.

That is just the trouble. For the most part that is just what we are trying to do in the social sciences. We are trying to be objective and to face the modern social problem in a properly scientific spirit of skeptical detachment of our lives. We are, alas, all detachment! Machine industry has detached us from the soil. Exploration and expansion have detached us from the mother countries. Pioneering has detached us from our ancestors, and birth control has detached us from our descendants. Automobiles have detached us from our own homes. And so we propose to face the problem of what it all means in a spirit of detachment. Expect science to solve the modern social problem? Why, science produced the modern social problem!

IV

I AM AFRAID I am beginning to sound a little like a prosecuting attorney arraigning a criminal before the bar of justice. If I were

addressing a jury, I should say at this point that I have still to press the chief charge against the accused. It is this: science is fiddling while Rome burns. In the crisis which our modern society faces at present, time is crucially important; and indifference to time and tide is the perpetual and inevitable character of science. We must do nothing prematurely. We must avoid hasty generalizations and theories unsupported by an adequate array of facts. Above all, we must avoid partisanship. We must contain ourselves in peace and study society from afar, through a telescope.

Now that is all very well for an astronomer.

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The stars will wait for him. The sun's heat will warm him for five hundred million years, more or less, and if in that interval he still overlooks a planetesimal, it doesn't matter. No one will miss it. But such is not the case with society. I don't know whether it is the Russians or the Japanese, our own starving proletariat or our megalomaniacal capitalists who are most liable to overwhelm us, but we may be sure of one thing: whoever it is, he isn't going to wait until his destiny has been read in the horoscope of science. He is on his way now, while we are peering dizzily at our little kaleidoscope of statistics and wondering with scientific objectivity what is going on.

My academic readers, if I still have any, will doubtless think at this point that I have gone completely rhetorical. To talk about Moscow and Wall Street as if they were bogymen is to talk like a Congressman or a Communist. The significant forces are impersonal. Very well, the development of technology is such a force. As everybody knows, the industrial methods of 1931 are not those of 1776. On the contrary, we usually say that the economics of that earlier day, notably the *Wealth of Nations*, described a handicraft economy. What has been chiefly at fault in economic "science" for a century and a half is precisely this discrepancy between the handicraft ideas of the eighteenth century and the industrial machinery of the nineteenth and twentieth. Economists are still struggling to modernize their fundamental concepts so as to take account of intervening change.

But meantime — so unkind is the world to social science! — another major change is sweeping over industry. The economists of England and America call it "rationalization," and describe it as the latest German atrocity, while workmen all over the world call it "Fordization" and attribute it to "capitalist greed," so that there is some sense, if not strict truth, to the bogymen after all. This change is of the order of magnitude of a social revolution. As an eminent British economist says, ". . . The advanced industrial countries of the world are now in the first stage of a sweeping change . . . likely to be comparable in its industrial, commercial and social effects with that series of changes which commenced in the latter half of the eighteenth century and is commonly called the Industrial Revolution." If so, we may expect the economics of recent decades, for all our anxious modernization, to become shortly as out of date as Adam Smith, though we may again be a century in discovering the fact.

Doubtless science is long, but life is short. The dean of British economists recently reviewed a book on unemployment, chiding it gently for its impatience with present conditions and its incautious haste to remedy them. But its author, though a professor too, is a stout partisan of labor who had been moved to discuss unemployment not merely by detached curiosity but by a vivid sense of what it means to living men, and he made this retort: ". . . No doubt by the year 2000, or even 1950, industry will have adjusted itself to the changes brought about by the war and the return to the Gold Standard; but the people engaged in industry to-day, unlike economists, are not able to look at economic problems *sub specie aeternitatis*."

Moreover, the people engaged in industry, particularly those who are most profitably and powerfully engaged, are unlike economists in another important respect: they aren't interested in having things looked at, scientifically or otherwise. Their business is to take advantage of changes before the world at large has seen them, and their affairs are therefore conducted not *sub specie aeternitatis* but *sub rosa*. The impotence of social scientists to reveal these deliberately obscured processes was recently illustrated so aptly that one might almost suspect a cosmic bogyman of planning the incident with sardonic humor.

When the various national associations of social scientists met in Cleveland last December it developed that a lockout was in progress. Some time previously the hotels in which the meetings had been scheduled had suddenly served notice on their employees: No more unions! Sign individual contracts or get out. The unions were fighting back with "peaceful picketing." Here was something that would bear looking into, and a committee of social scientists undertook to look into it. But the hotel managers, having already refused to meet the City Manager's arbitration committee, were also, quite naturally, not at home to the social scientists; and so their committee was obliged to report, somewhat negatively, that ". . . the hotel managers have not at any time

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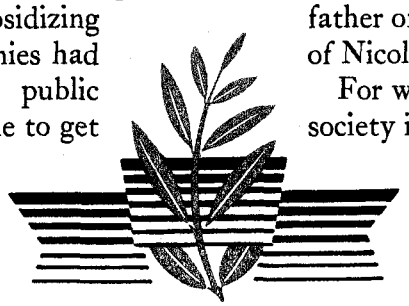
offered any reasons of consequence for their substitution of individual for collective bargaining." Lockout and picketing went on; the professors continued to wonder; and, no doubt, the hotel owners had a quiet laugh.

In short, great impersonal forces are at work producing changes, and the changes are being concealed by a very personal and intentional smoke screen. What we see through our little telescope of facts and figures is the billowing cloud. Does any reader doubt this? Then he should know about power propaganda. When the censoring of textbooks, the employment of teachers, and the subsidizing of newspapers by power companies had reached the proportions of a public scandal the power lobby was able to get the ensuing investigation transferred from the "demagogery" of the Senate to the comparative privacy of the Federal Trade Commission; but in spite of everything, over eleven thousand pages of report accumulated containing some very interesting and amusing facts about some of our noblest corporations and most disinterested institutions of learning and organs of public opinion. An admirable summary of this material appeared in the *American Economic Review Supplement* for March, 1931, and if the troubled reader will look it up, he may discover there who really wrote the "exposure" of public ownership of power plants which appeared as an editorial in his favorite paper, and how much was paid for its insertion.



It is all very well for a physicist to talk of objectivity. Objectivity is the mechanical state of mind, the method of mechanical technology, appropriate to dealing with stars or atoms. But men resist scrutiny. An economist can't be objective. He is trying to find out what is going on in the directors' rooms of the most high, and the most high don't want him to. I am not talking about academic freedom. For the most part we are perfectly free to publish any libel-suit-proof facts we have. The real difficulty is that we haven't any. We don't know how the business of the world is conducted and we can't find out, not because we haven't waited long enough or studied hard enough but because those who conduct that business mean us not to know. Talk of objectivity! The economist is the natural enemy of every business man, not as an individual but as a social force, because the business man is constrained by the nature of his business to live in the dark while the economist's job is to play a searchlight on him. The economist is not an intellectual machine, he is a social agency. When an anthropologist rifles an ark of the covenant, he is not just a student: he is the agent of social dissolution; and when an economist snoops on business, however ineffectively, he is not a mere research worker, calm, unhurried, and impartial: he is the agent of social revolution. Adam Smith was the father of Karl Marx and the grandfather of Nicolai Lenin.

For whether we like it or not, modern society is undergoing a social revolution. In his own way even Professor Carver, probably the most conservative economist in the country, says so. This is the situation in which with bland, unconscious irony the scientists offer us an example of intellectual poise and detachment. What we require, they say, is the scientific attitude. Now I have nothing to say against the scientific attitude in science. But civilization is a matter of social attitudes. If this is a bad thing and civilization is an awful mistake, I am prepared to be sorry. Whatever you think of them, however, social traditions are social traditions, or superstitions, or ideals, and continue to be the foundation of social order whatever you call them.

Such being the case, does it help any to call them superstitions? Is that the truth to make us whole? I doubt it. Professor Dewey says that all civilization has been a quest for certainty and it has failed because men have always prosecuted their inevitable quest with wistful speculations, seeking always to invest in thought a certainty which does not exist in fact. Meanwhile the only certainty which they have ever known is their mechanical genius: the sureness of their control of materials and instruments. It is religion versus science, illusions versus realities, the struggle which has always failed in contrast to the struggle which has always succeeded.

In stating the problem in this form Professor Dewey seems to me the boldest and clearest of modern thinkers. But when he goes on to draw the moral that civilization must recon-

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stitute itself in the form of the instrumental logic, that society must control men as men control materials and instruments, I am forced to confess, reluctantly, that I do not understand. The idea is so marvelously adequate — irrefutable! A society as beautiful as a cathedral, as strong as a suspension bridge, as perfect as the tensor calculus! But what does it mean? A cathedral does not rest on that most treacherous of foundations, the consent of the governed. A suspension bridge levies no toll upon those who cross on it. The calculus was not enacted by the Senate. On the contrary, such things are products of human skill, of which science is the chief triumph and consummation; whereas civilization is an expression of power, the power of some men over other men. When we are inventing instruments and elaborating formulas, laying stone on stone or welding steel to steel, we are nimble, skillful brutes and the lords of creation. But when we are building empires and enslaving peoples we are either gods or devils and usually both, and it makes no difference whether civilization is an expression of the god in man or of the devil: it is not the creation of the nimble fingers of an animal and no amount of ingenuity will solve its problems. Science cannot solve the problems of society by formulas for precisely the same reason that society cannot solve the problems of science by acts of Congress: because one is a matter of technique while the other is a matter of institution, and never the twain shall meet.

Romance vs. Marriage

by W. BÉRAN WOLFE, M. D.

IN THE GOOD old days when marriages were made in heaven, when the right boy met the right girl, married, and lived happily ever after according to the time-honored formula, marital problems did not exist. If a marriage ever went on the rocks, it was written off to the ineluctable will of God, and the involved husband and wife were counseled to practice humility and trust in the infinite goodness of the Deity. To-day, for some not entirely understood reason, marriages are no longer so uniformly happy, and the unhappily married couples, moreover, clamor for guidance and light. The problems of domestic infelicity, indeed, have become so apparent that it is difficult to take up one of the better magazines, or even a thoughtful novel, and not find reference either to the problems or suggestions for their cure. The more complicated these problems have become, the more they have been taken out of the hands of theologians and placed in the hands of sociologists, teachers, physicians, economists, and psychiatrists who seem to have approached them more effectively because of more objective research and fewer *a priori* considerations.

In the last quarter century, scientific investigations of marriage and sex relationships have resulted in a few almost universally admitted conclusions. There are certain practically unpreventable and certain easily preventable causes for the failure of modern marriage. The unpreventable factors are part of the essential fabric of our Machine Age civilization. To remove these causes would involve the concerted action of a society grown aware of the damage that is being done its constituent members by the ruthlessness of individualistic competition. It is notorious that concerted social action is a rare phenomenon. Any amelioration of mankind's woes usually proceeds by way of the enlightenment and clarification of a few individuals, and by the subsequent gradual interpenetration of their knowledge among their families and immediate neighbors. New truths acquire their hold on any section of human society only after such a process of slow, and sometimes painful, osmosis.

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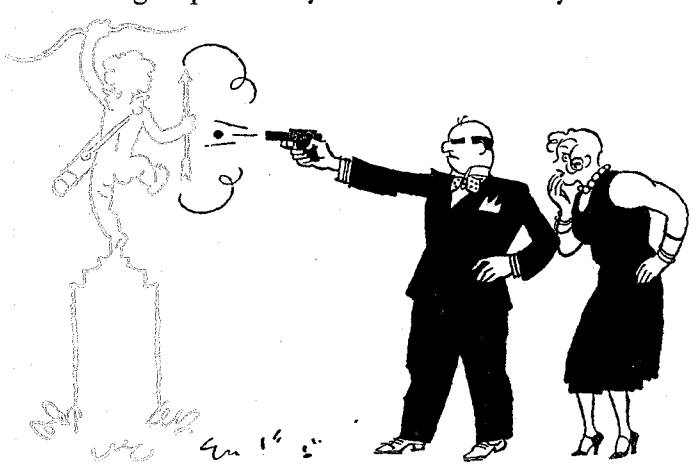
It seems desirable, therefore, to consider the preventable causes of marital discord — that is, those factors which lie within the province of the average intelligent couple's thinking and doing — if we are to offer any practical help to the unhappily married. The prevention of marital discord will have to be a matter of private enterprise for the next fifty or a hundred years.

It is the consensus of scientific opinion that these preventable factors that lead inevitably to marital discord and infelicity may be grouped roughly under three headings: 1. Ignorance; 2. Competition between the sexes for prestige; 3. Romantic infantilism. Under the head of ignorance we must group not only ignorance of the physiology of sex and coition, but also ignorance of the art of love and ignorance of the technique of contraception, which must be part of the sexual armament of any civilized adult. The confusion of sexual activity with sin, a particularly Anglo-Saxon delusion, is a special example of the rôle of ignorance in the determination of sexual unhappiness.



Drawings by Johan Bull

Competition between the sexes, perhaps the most characteristic mistake of our patriarchal civilization, is accountable for many bitter sexual conflicts and the profoundest sexual unhappiness. It is closely related to ignorance as a cause of unhappiness, because it is based on the fallacy that sexual happiness can be gained only at the expense of the subjugation of the opposite sex. Even animals, whose sexual coöperation is relatively perfect, understand this fallacy.

Romantic Infantilism

But the most important single cause of marital and sexual dissonance, the most universal, the most typically American, and the most easily preventable cause, is romantic infantilism. Marriage, as sages and psychiatrists have pointed out time and time again, is a task for mature men and women. Love is the *product* of the correct solution of this task. Is it any wonder, then, that the average American, who cherishes a whole-hearted belief in Santa Claus, should spoil his marriage when he approaches it as a *solution* of his problems rather than as a task which requires a considerable preparation? Is it any wonder that the divorce rate is high in a country where romantic love is very generally believed to be the *premise* of marital happiness, and not its result?

Is it any wonder, too, that it is difficult to find a man or woman who can truthfully say he knows six happily married couples when this same romantic twaddle is injected into our children from the time they can visit a movie to the time they are old enough to buy a tabloid newspaper? As a nation we are subjected to a veritable barrage of romantically infantile notions. The man or woman who escapes this enfilade of movies, magazines, pulpit texts, and Presidential messages unscathed and approaches matrimony with a mature point of view is indeed a fortunate exception. He is one of those few, emotionally adult individuals who has really developed the two rarest and most valuable human traits: common sense, and a sense of humor.

That romantic infantilism should be a potent cause for sexual dissatisfaction must be evident to anyone who understands that sexual happiness can result only from mature sexual relations. It is a psychological truism that a mentally mature adult is a rarity. Most human beings we meet on the street are still emotional infants, afraid of responsibility, dreamers, and fantastic believers in fairy tales, socially unadjusted and mentally subjective souls groping in ignorance for the moon. Look at the movies, those living Bibles of the mentally immature, read the tabloids and the popular magazines, and you will realize the extent of the blight of adult infantilism in our civilization.

The causes of this adult infantilism are chiefly the pampering of our children and the

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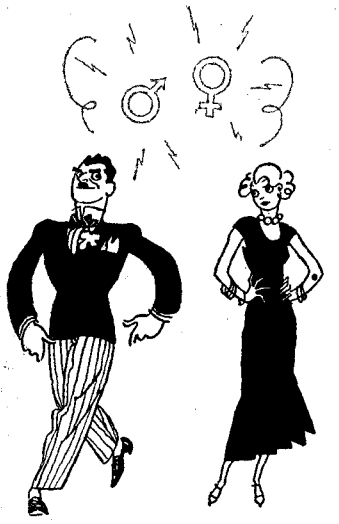
maternal oversolicitude of murderous mothers who insulate their children from reality with thick layers of emotional cotton batting. Our movie magnates grow fat on their excellent psychological insight into the desires of the immature, emotionally overprotected adults who crowd our country. Our politicians draw huge salaries because they can gather the votes of emotional morons with the sounding shibboleths of outworn ideas. Our advertising agencies fill their coffers because they pander to the vanity, the egoism, the "individuality," the snobbery, and the inferiority complexes of all grown-up children.



Of all causes of sexual unhappiness, romantic infantilism is no doubt the most common. Where it exists, it strikes at the very basis of reality and permits very few adjustments. A woman who believes that women are unjustly oppressed and rebels against masculine domination may still lead a useful life, and consummate a stormy but finally successful marriage, because she makes certain concessions to reality. A man who spends his youth being a Don Juan, in order to prove his masculinity, awakens to his responsibilities with age and maturity, and may become a model husband and father, and a veritable pillar of society, despite the trail of broken hearts that he has left behind him.

But the girl who believes that she is a princess, and expects the world to sit at her feet, or stand at attention to serve her every whim; and the boy who believes he is the favored of the gods and considers the adulation of every woman he meets not only as his privilege but as his birthright, seldom alter their chronic belief in this, that, or the other Santa Claus unless they undergo a drastic psychological reëducation. The divorce courts are crowded with their loud complaints, novels are filled with their romantic passions and their irresponsible and uselessly tragic lives, and the insane asylums are filled with their vegetating remains.

Marriage—A Coöperative Venture

It is surely easier for a camel to pass through a needle's eye than for a spoiled child to be happy in the coöperative venture of marriage. No matter how many untoward experiences they have, romantic idealists continue, unmoved by adversity, in an obstinate belief in the validity of their own magical formulas. They make their experiences to suit their own ends, and come out smiling with their belief in their own magical fetish as vigorous as before. Their lives are devoted to the recapture of the lost happiness of a childhood paradise. Often these pampered boys and girls are "good" sons and daughters, good because they obey blindly, accept no responsibilities, and remain close to their pampering parents. Their sphere of activity is constructed on a radius whose length is determined by the length of their maternal apron strings.

If they marry, and succeed, as is not infrequently the case, in getting a mate who will continue to pamper them in the fashion they would like to become accustomed to, they stifle their children with a cloying oversolicitude, and thus spread the contagion of their neuroses into the next generation. There is no psychiatrist who has not at some time or other had one of these unfortunate children of romantic idealists in his care, who has not been stopped in his cure by the interference of parents whose vanity and egoism knew no bounds of reason, time, or space. There is no business man who has not wanted to take some young man and give him a good spanking, no teacher who has not been impelled to bring the "reality principle" closer to some maliciously pampered little girl via the route of a well-applied birch switch.

And yet we must sympathize with these unfortunates, who are the unwitting victims of generations and generations of false educational ideas. We must admit that they act rationally and justly according to the plan they have been led to expect the world is constructed on. We must not lose our patience with them, but we cannot afford to be ensnared by their charming personalities and their flattering helplessness. It is criminal not to awaken them from their romantic dreams in order to make useful human beings of them.

The romantic idealists fall into several

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groups. There are the girls whose parents have so convinced them of their special virtues that they can find no man to suit them. They fall in love with far-away heroes of the stage and screen, with married men, with "great" characters in books and fairy tales. Theirs is the quest for the ineluctable Prince Charming. Concessions to reality they never make. With time they become critical and crabbed, and when they are forced into marriage by social conventions or by the need of a meal ticket (they cannot work for a living and soil their princess's hands!) they revenge themselves on the poor husband for failing to measure up to their fantastic standards. The man of their choice is a composite of Crœsus, Apollo, Adonis, the handy man from the garage, their favorite brother or an image of their father in his prime, Lindbergh, Dempsey, Keats, Santa Claus, and perhaps the white-whiskered family physician thrown in for good measure.

The romantic idealists are the people who are forever falling in and out of love and dramatizing their lives with all the false sentimentality of a bad play. The psychological nature of "falling in love" deserves more minute consideration because it is so common, and so generally a mistaken technique of life. It is highly improbable that people who "fall in love at first sight," in the accepted sense of the word, ever attain a happy love life. The vast majority of people believe that they must "fall in love" or "be in love" before they can be happy in a sexual relation. Nothing could be farther from the truth. Occasionally a man and a woman see each other for the first time and sense a feeling of complete kinship which they call falling in love; and, on the premise that because love is present all else can be attained, they marry and live happily ever after according to the formula of the story books.

But this probably occurs with great rarity. For, as we have explained, love is the *result* of years of coöperation, of mutual enjoyment and mutual suffering. It cannot, then, except in the most unusual instances, be the *premise* of happy sexual relations. "Falling in love" is the happy reward of a correctly and normally lived life *à deux*, not the foundation of a successful marriage. If this simple psychological truth were more commonly recognized, much of the romantic twaddle of our neurotic drama and literature would disappear, as would many of the post-marital tragedies now all too commonly found in courtroom and clinic.

Romantic Robots

The psychological process of falling in love may best be likened to the operation of those electrical robots which are actuated to the performance of the most complicated functions by the application of some appropriate stimulus. As soon as the proper word is uttered, the entire complicated mechanism is set in motion and no prayer will stop it from the performance of its mechanical task. The psychological antennae of the romantic idealist are similarly attuned to a certain stimulus, predetermined by the experiences of his early childhood.

For example, a girl who during all her childhood was pampered only by an indulgent father, a robust, gray-haired man with a deep bass voice and a hearty booming laugh, while her four brothers, all slight in build, were always cruel to her, goes through life with her psychic antennae "set" by the early childhood conditioning for the favorable reception of just such another big man with a booming laugh and grayed hair. It is her unconscious hope that the recapitulation of the physical background will bring back the same players and the same drama to the stage of her life. Of the hundreds of men she meets in the course of her thirty-five years of life, no one quite fits the pattern, and she manages to find objections to all other men because her psychic antennae have never tuned in on exactly the right stimuli.

Then on a steamer going to Europe the young lady meets Mr. G., who presents just the right stimulus. He happens to be the purser of the ship, a married man with two children and a wife in London whom he loves very dearly. Our young lady immediately checks her critical faculties at the gate and surrenders herself to the imaginary enjoyment of her life's dream. She leaves out of account the fact that the purser is a man of little education and a social background dissimilar to hers, that he is already married, and that he is only mildly interested in her as a supper companion. She distorts every pleasant word he utters into a confession of love, and fully expects him to leave his ship and marry her at the first possible opportunity. She has "fallen in love."

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There is no doubt of the sincerity of her feelings, of her genuine regard. She seems hypnotized by the man's personality. She can dream only of the recapitulation of her childhood paradise in the company of this man who apparently fits into her pattern exactly. To an outside observer who sees the manifest incongruities of the situation and her apparent inability to recognize or weigh the obvious obstacles to her scheme objectively, she might be considered insane. Like the electrical robot tuned to open a door when the password "Kismet!" is uttered, our young lady has set the entire machinery of her emotional life into its irreversible, complicated courses, because a psychological password, this time in the form of a certain physical male type, has touched her. She feels that she is the fortunate victim of some irresistible and ineffable passion, completely beyond the control of her personality.

When the disinterested bystander objects to her marriage, saying that the officer is already married, has children, cannot support her in the style in which she lives, that he would be a poor mate because he is committed to his ship most of the time, that he would refuse to live in the United States, that he is ten years too old to be her mate — she answers simply, "But, I love him! He must leave his wife and come to me! I love him, I tell you!"

Thousands upon thousands of otherwise intelligent young people "fall in love" for similarly inconsequential reasons, equally romantic, equally quixotic, equally inauspicious for the happy conduct of a marital relation. If our young lady were to convince the ship's officer to follow the course that she had decided upon, and he were to marry her after a brief but furious courtship, the great probability is that she would wake up one fine morning to realize with horror that she had a stranger in bed with her, that despite the physical similarity to her beloved father, the officer was a hard-drinking, rather brutal, and inconsiderate man, perfectly incapable of talking with her about art and literature, her two greatest interests in life, and completely incapable of meeting her friends socially. Then another love tragedy would begin. And another broken heart and two broken lives could be chalked up to the credit of romantic infantilism.

It is quite probable that our young woman would not give up with the first flush of chagrin. She would carry out that second time-honored formula of the romantic idealists: "Because I love you, you must do what I say!" The ship's officer would then be nagged to give up chewing tobacco, drinking grog, saying "bloody" every fifth word, and the like. We do not believe that these are the most admirable traits of human conduct, but they are officer G's traits. Our young lady could have noticed them from the very beginning if she had not been so hypnotized by "falling in love" as to leave all her intellectual faculties at home with her rubbers and umbrella. She has received her just deserts. No one can marry a person for some single fetish, such as gray hair, a booming laugh, a good complexion, tall stature, or beautiful feet, and expect that the rest of the personality will somehow "just fit."

Love Is Not Enough

Americans look with horror at the "arranged" marriages of certain Continental folk, in which the love of the young people for one another is considered a wholly secondary matter, the social, economic, intellectual, political, or religious factors being considered more important. I am not in favor of arranged marriages, largely because they are usually arranged for the benefit of the parents and not for the happiness of the married couple. But I do hold that "being in love" is not *a priori*, the quintessential condition of a happy marriage. A great many marriages would turn out more

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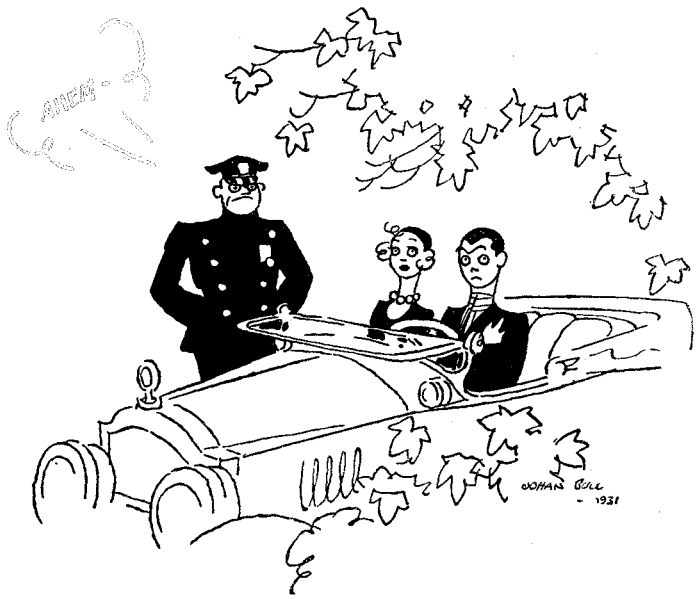
happily if the contracting parties gave less thought to love, and more to the matter of financial budgets, the pedagogic principles according to which the children were to be educated, the mutual use of leisure, the past performances in social coöperation, and the willingness of each partner to share responsibility.

When a man goes into a business venture or partnership "on a shoe string" he is put down as a fool by his associates, but the same man, entering into marriage with a girl because she has a pretty figure, plays bridge well, and likes to go to speakeasies, is congratulated by his friends. Ten years later he is having an affair with his stenographer and his wife is a chronic alcoholic, both are extremely unhappy, and remain together solely for the sake of their child, the neglected football which is kicked between the goal posts of their antithetical egoisms. This is a common result of "falling in love" without adequate consideration of more mundane prerequisites for marital coöperation. The expected marital happiness expressed in the phrase "and they lived happily ever after" is seldom the result of such flimsy and stupid bungling in the choice of a mate.

Men and women would be far happier if they planned their marital relationships on the basis of the deeper compatibilities of social, intellectual, and occupational interests, responsibilities toward children and state, and mutual helpfulness. Many more marriages would turn out well if the contracting parties acted as if love might be the *reward* of five or ten years of successful coöperation. The commonly misused word *love*, in whose name so many crimes are committed by the emotionally immature, the romantically idealistic, the psychologically infantile, should have its connotations changed. It is usually believed that love belongs in a special category of human emotions and feelings, but as a matter of fact it is no more than a special form of the social feeling, the communal consciousness on which all human relations are based. Love is friendship plus the element of heterosexual coöperation. Love equals friendship plus sex. The romantically infantile may be mature physically and may go through the motions of sexual intercourse, but it is as improbable that they will experience mature love, psychologically, as that a street cleaner will appreciate the beauties of the original Greek text of the Odyssey.

No one suffers so much from love as an infantile idealist. Although it is true that some of these romantics have given us our best poetry, a few excellent plays, several stirring novels, and not a little splendid music, they might have written just as excellent poetry and music and still have lived a more complete love life. Let no reader believe that one must be a romantic idealist to produce good literature or music. "Artiness" is just another form of romantic idealism. It requires no more "artistic temperament," no more romantic idealism to write a symphony than to excise a gall bladder or build a skyscraper. More has been written about the erotic antics of the emotionally immature than about any other single subject in the world's literature. Every romantic idealist remains steadfast in the belief in his "rightness." It is because he believes that his problem and his tragedy are unique, that his shredded modesty does not forbid airing, in some artistic form or another, the soiled linen of his erotic misadventures to the common gaze, that all may see, sympathize, and exonerate him.

It is hardly astonishing that the romantic tradition is deeply ingrained in the lay mind. The epics of romantic love are written daily by adolescent minds for the avid consumption of other adolescent minds. They are engulfed without criticism and without perspective by every schoolgirl and schoolboy, who proceed to pattern their love lives according to the romantic tradition, unless some friendly and



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objective adult either explains the "facts of life" to them verbally or by example. Many, like the late Isadora Duncan, carry their romanticism (by permission of the copyright owners) to the grave and beyond.

Schools for Love

What, then, are the real prerequisites for a happy love life, whether before marriage or after? To the reader who has understood the meaning of the three cardinal sins against love — ignorance, competition, and romantic infantilism, it is sufficient to answer: avoid these obvious errors, and with the use of a little common sense and a modicum of a sense of humor, you can make a go of any marriage or any love affair. Vanity, a struggle for prestige, a desire to dominate at the expense of the sexual partner, the inability to identify yourself with your partner's problems and situations, the desire to be perfect, or right, or superior, will spoil any human relations — and their evil effects are most noticeable in the love relation. The love relationship is a creative and artistic activity, as much as living itself. Let only those who have made progress in their own self-sculpture attempt to join forces and essay the creation of new worlds in the coöperation of sexual "two-ness."

Marriages and love affairs will continue to be unhappy until we remove the fallacies of the omnipotence of romantic passion from the thought vocabulary of our children. Rather than teach our children this unhappy gospel, let us institute objective training in the art of love, and teach our young men and women that they must be responsible for their emotions and their erotic passions, just as they are responsible for curbing other anti-social tendencies in their behavior. This reformation in sexual thought might well be tackled by churches whose effete dogmas have in the past been largely responsible for the persistence of false sexual ethics and traditions. Let the churches and synagogues whose pews are empty establish marriage guidance clinics for their congregations and construct suitable clubrooms where young people can make love discreetly without the interference of parents and relatives. Much of the difficulty of our love life is directly due to the fact that the vast majority of our young people cannot make love in decent surroundings.

Let those who are shocked by this suggestion take heart. We need never fear that there will be too much love. We continue to blind our eyes to the immense social value of love, and to treat it not as the highest form of human coöperation but as a foul sin. The world suffers only from a plague of romance. Of mature love, a critical shortage exists.

Dead Language

Romance now is a dead language
We spoke long ago.
Since it has become archaic,
Let us speak it so
That the lovely words seem coolings
From a lava flow,
Each averted like the profile
Of a cameo.

—Margaret Emerson Bailey

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The Smith of Pretty Peter

by **A. E. COPPARD**

I

In the hamlet of Kezzal Predy Peter, where he was born and thrived, Alphabet Ayres was well regarded by himself — and indeed by his neighbors too; for though he did not care to hide his light under any bushel, it showed as a rule a green ray; a masterful man but kindly, with a few pounds in the bank, a spare suit of broadcloth, and a walking stick made of a mysterious substance from the Canary Islands. As a bachelor of sense and care he was thought to have attained a settled disposition, but by the time he was forty he had mutton-chop whiskers and a gloomy face; then he went and suddenly married Amnesty Rockall, a smallish, much younger woman with tightly folded dull hair (and not a lot of it either) who cackled, walked jerkily, and wore spectacles; but no matter for that, she had a cheerful face and brought with her a fortune of five hundred pounds.

"I say, Alf, I don't want you to exhilarate me too much."

As they emerged from the church and passed under the lych gate Amnesty paused and laughed aloud.

"I say, Alf, I don't want you to exhilarate me too much."

"All right, Annie, never fear," says he.

And he did not. They dwelled together for years and years in a gloomy cottage with a monkey-puzzle tree in the garden, and then Amnesty began to go so-and-so. That is to say, not actually mad, nothing so furious as lunacy, but she did occasionally drift, like a dry leaf from a thicket, into some by-corner of melancholia, and then she would go roving for a time up and down the neighboring lanes, bearing under her arm a large wooden box with a bird's nest in it. Nobody knew what the box was for (it had got "Maconachie's Lobsters" printed on it) or why she harbored an old thrush's nest, but everybody knew her home was neglected, that she was a silly woman who tormented her husband with spiteful accusations.

"Ah, she's queer, right enough," said Alphabet to his nephew Archy Bottrell, a tall, pale-faced builder with loose clothes who had prospered and bloomed on bricks and mortar. "I never could understand her. And if I could, the Lord knows there's nothing to understand. My dog understands; he knows what's good for him, he minds my door and bites rats. But that woman knows nothing, does nothing, understands nothing; she abuses me. Why, she is a heavenly ruffian, and I shouldn't like you not to know it."

Uncle and nephew hobnobbed of an evening in the taproom of "The Cow and Hare," to drink beer and talk of the things that were uppermost in their minds; it might be gardening or politics or sport, or else local affairs and personal troubles. The nephew had an invalid wife who had been going to die for years but didn't quite die, and the uncle had a wife who had been going mad for years but had never quite gone. Archy Bottrell was a well-off man, he could afford a nurse and a servant, his house was adorned with grand furniture and large pictures of "A Cornfield in Suffolk," "A Surrey Garden," "A Pine Tree in Japan," and so on, and his wife was no trouble to him at all — she was merely a responsibility. Alphabet Ayres on the other hand had a poor time of it, got his own meals, mended his own clothes, and lived a life apart; all on account of his unreasonable woman, who was an incubus.

"For forty years I was a man of my parts such as they be," the smith declaimed. "I cut and shut an axle with the best that breathed, and quicker than most. As for horses, it didn't

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matter what, there was none to touch me after George Fullamer went off on his preaching tour as the converted farrier. I was always great friends with George; he taught me much. Forty years, and then I fell into the claws of a wretch. It makes you wonder what is the use of behaving in a good decent way. You'd 'a thought Providence would have taken care of a man as showed respect for himself."

"Uncle," replied the builder, who was almost of an age with the smith, and generally addressed him as Alf unless he wanted to be impressive; "Uncle, there is neither care nor favor to be looked for where that sex is uppermost. Mind you, I don't say it's not deserved, but I do say it can't be looked for since that long-whiskered female sort of a serpent got into the Garden of Eden. When that serpent crawled out of Adam's ribs — that was no decent way to be born, either! — Adam made a great mistake not keeping her under his thumb."

And Archy was crushing his thumb on the tap-room table as if he had got a maggot there.

"That's true, and it's true," said the forlorn smith. "No man with the fear of God before his face should have allowed her."

"Where Adam made his great mistake, Uncle, was playing second fiddle to that caper. He was the father of mankind, but weak! It was his weakness, I tell you. There's been a cross on the world ever since. Don't you go on making his mistake, Alf."

"I've done my best," the smith assured him. "There's nothing I'm ashamed of, or that I wouldn't do again. I took care of her lovingly as long as I could, as long as she'd let me, and what's more I've taken care of the money she had. Five hundred pounds it was. I've done well with it," he whispered. "I've done well. And that she can't stomach at all! She can't abear the thought of all that money under my control. But she's a foolish woman."

"Quite right, Alf; you can't give them faith or credence."

His uncle had taken up his pot, but put it down untasted.

"She is a foolish woman. Easy come easy go, I tell her. Where would it have been now had I not taken care of it for her?"

"You can't trust a woman with money, Uncle, course you can't; nor a fool with a weapon."

Ayres took up his pot again, and said: "I don't suppose you can."

"Suppose! Hearty Saints of God, don't I know!"

After repeating "Where would it have been now?" the smith managed to take a good draught of his ale. Then he set the pot back on the table very carefully. "And ever since she've been with me, of course she's gone mad. Not really mad, you know, but still, not quite responsible. It's the moon." He tapped his forehead with morose significance. "No accounting for a thing like that. It's pitiful and all how dislike of a man brings a woman down. With another one, some rascal perhaps, she'd a been as right as rain. I dunno."

The builder leaned forward and peered solemnly at his uncle.

"Listen. You're not a young man, Alf. I'm not myself. But an old well-fed tree bears the sweetest codlins. Something ought to be done about her. You give her half the money and tell her to pack herself off."

The smith turned his eyes away, pursed up his lips and shook his head, put out his hand to the pot but thought better of it.

"No, Arch, no; that cock won't fight. And would she go! No fear, not much! She'll never leave me. I can't explain that to you, but I know it for certain. If I gave her that five hundred pounds, she would only be five hundred times madder than before; she would have her fling, the money would be spent, and here we'd be again five hundred times worse off. Besides, the money's invested and it's doing well. O no, Arch, no." And the smith kept on shaking his head and saying "No" until he had repeated it seven or eight times. Then he burst out: "You may say it and say it, Archy boy, but there's nothing I could do. I'm done for."

The nephew just flicked his fingers: "Get rid of her, get rid of her," he said.

"But how, my good chap! It's all very well to talk like that, and she *is* a bad wife; but that's only a hardship, it's not a crime."

Archy gave a temporizing cough and said:

"We don't want to talk about crime, but a hardship like her I would not put up with."

"Well then, now you tell me! It is easy enough to say 'Get rid of her' and 'Pack her off' and suchlike, but that is not to be thought of, it's impossible. What I mean to say is: how is it to be done? There now, Arch, come on!"

And Arch sat up and growled: "Brrr! Give

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Drawings by Helen Bruton

The smith went down the road toward the water cress beds.

her a bucket of salts, Alf; that's the dose for a sick elephant! I beg your pardon, Uncle, but I tell you I'd have the hair off her inside and out before I'd let her tantalize my mind; inside *and* out."

"Hush man; don't," said Ayres. "Don't pander to the unseemly."

II

THEY PARTED outside the inn in brightest moonlight, the builder going up the road toward the chalk pits and past the palings of the park, where he could see cypresses like parasols, poplars like bodkins, and a beech holt resting on its eminence like a sponge; while the smith went down the road toward the water cress beds and a silent brook. He could smell the dewy dust of the road, and hear frogs crying from the dikes like shrill young rooks. The air was cold for May. There had been a foggy March month. "Fogs in March, frosts in May," muttered Ayres. "It will freeze to-night, I shouldn't wonder." And he sighed, remembering that Amnesty was always at her worst when the moon was full; it seemed to interpose a crust of ice between her and her mortal fancy.

Sure enough, his wife was standing on her box in the midst of the road before their monkey tree. Her old hat dangled in her hand, the moon shone on her bedraggled hair, gleamed on her spectacles, and made a wretched wreck of God's handiwork. As Alphabet approached she lifted one arm exhortingly and cried out:

"Ho, ho, my nice man! Mind your eyes, neighbors. Oo..oo..oe! Fair as a lily, and look at me now! Mingy man, never a ha'penny!"

"Get down off there and go indoors," said he gruffly, pointing with his stick to their house. Amnesty got down and picked up her box.

"Put your hat on!" he commanded. "Catching your death a cold like that!"

Amnesty stared at him belligerently and said: "When I be dead I don't care what becomes of my hat. The good spirit knows it would be no use to me. I don't put my trust in my hat."

He drove her in before him through the garden gate. As she opened the cottage door the moonlight shot into the room across a brick floor to an open hearth that had no fire on it. If there was any comfort in the room it was comfort that seemed to have lost its pride: a lamp unlighted on a bare table, a dresser in disarray, old out-of-date almanacs on a wall, a long clock in a corner not ticking, the smell of a dog, and a gun over a mantle shelf. Amnesty at once huddled down on her box with folded arms, while her husband lighted the lamp and closed the door.

"I wish we was dead," said she.

Ayres cut himself a crust from a loaf on the dresser, and put it on a plate with some cheese, and sat down at the table.

"You was always wishing for something you hadn't got."

His wife sat up, her knees together, a hand on each knee.

"Well, what else could I wish for?"

"Why can't you be satisfied?" he asked.

"What with?"

"With the same as other people, and give up these capers. You was a good woman once." And he began to eat carefully, pushing hunches of bread into his mouth with the fingers that held the knife.

"And what did I get by it?" she said excitedly. "Look at you! You lost most of your teeth."

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They would watch the cricket and discourse of moody things.

"Is that my fault?"

"You let 'em all fall out, didn't not! And there you are, you was bald before you was fifty!"

"Could I help that?" he asked imperturbably.

"O, don't talk to me!" she cried. "You bought the wrong sort of hat — I always told you so."

"Well," mumbled Alphabet. "You can't escape the ravages of time. Look at yourself!"

Amnesty sprung up, her eyes blazing:

"I was fair as a lily, sweet as a rose. My parents slaved and saved that money for I. They starved themselves of comfort and pleasure and me of my youthful joys, and now — look! First one died, and then the other, and so I married you and brought you my fortune. Yes, when you married me you came into a property — and look now! There was tears and blood on it ever since, and nothing else for me. I was fair as a lily, sweet as a rose — yes, I was. And look at me now!"

It is not well to look at a woman sobbing. Alphabet went on carefully parting bread and pushing it into his mouth.

"Go to bed," he growled, after a tough swallow, and she went upstairs alone.

III

With the passing years Amnesty's malady neither grew nor declined; it just remained, and its persistence mattered less and less to most people; like the sour sloe or the bitter crab it was neglected; soon it mattered to none. In the village her strange manner had once been an excitement; then she became a laughingstock, next a nuisance, last of all she was ignored. Except by Alphabet Ayres, who could not ignore her.

It was not in him to treat her with active unkindness. It was something he had to bear with; he was a patient man, he could afford to wait. The worst that could be said of him was that he avoided her. At seven o'clock each morn he rose up and went over to the forge with his dog. After an hour or so of work he turned home to prepare his breakfast. Whether his wife was abed upstairs, or already tramping the roads with her box and bird nest, he did not know, he had ceased to care. If he met her in the road he passed her without a glance, without a word, as indifferent as a cartwheel.

And whether she really went mad at the making of the moon, or whether it was all mere cunning and revenge, Alphabet never could decide. You would have thought she had once been a regular goddess for fine looks and had brought him riches as well, that he had wrested the money from her and ill-used her beauty! Often she would plant the old box in the middle of the turnpike road and sink on it in reverie with her head in her hands until she was nearly driven over by some wagon or other.

One springtime Hannah Bottrell died. For a week or two Archy was bewildered by the strange state in which he found himself, and often surprised by the tears that dropped from his eyes at any odd moment, but he pulled round well. On fine summer eves that year you might have seen him at her graveside, stolid as a pole for minutes at a time, or bending down with his hands still in his pockets to stare at her blades of grass. His uncle would be sitting on a bench in the next field watching the cricketers, and beside him there would be old Culpepper the miller, a man with grizzled ginger hair and sharp eyes, who throughout the district was miscalled Coolpepper. Archy would join them on the bench, and beset by voracious gnats all three would watch the cricket and discourse of moody things till the gloaming came.

"Hannah was a good honest wife, Uncle Alphabet, and served me well. An invalid of course she was, but the pluck of that woman was . . . well, it was gigantic, and that's a fact. You remember, Mr. Culpepper, when the oculist operated on her? She had one of her eyes froze and watched the operation with the other. Gigantic, gigantic! I don't suppose I'll be able to get another like her."

There was the tone of acute astonishment in the smith's inquiry: "You're not thinking of wedding again, Arch!"

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"Well, there's nature to be considered, Uncle Alf; you can't eat the bread of life alone. Solitude is ruination. A man's a man, he must be, he's got to be."

Uncle Alphabet, rolling his stick between the palms of his hands, looked thoughtfully away and said:

"Every man to his choice, Arch, but once my knot's untied you won't catch me in it again for a thousand pound."

"Ah, Mr. Ayres, well," the miller broke in gravely. "You've had your full *share* of the misfortunes of matrimony. Every man has his share, we are all bound to have, but you have got your *full* share."

"That's as may be," the smith answered. "I'm hard on sixty, and I've a hollow time of life afore me as would make most men weep in their handkerchiefs. But I've a bit of respect for myself yet. When I was a boy I'd submit to be pole-axed before I'd say black was white — if it wasn't. But times have changed since I was a boy and they've changed smartish since I came to my prime."

"I should think they *have* changed, Mr. Ayres; times have truly changed, sir," said the miller. "Take flour, now: there is flour and flour; 'tain't all grist as comes from the hopper."

"You are quite right, Mr. Culpepper, there is flour and flour," Archy said. "That chap Gobbett bowls above his strength, Alf: always did."

"There is," the miller said, "and there must be, you may depend upon it. I have seen it and said it all my life, and I will to my dying day. There is grain *and* grain, and you can't odds it."

"Bravo! That's bowled his wickets. True, Mr. Culpepper, there *is* grain and grain."

"And you can't odds it, I tell you," declared the miller in some excitement. "I will tell you another thing: there is beer *and* beer, Mr. Bottrell, as you very well know."

"O my! You're saying something now!" agreed Archy.

"There is beer *and* beer," Culpepper repeated it with triumphant conviction. And even the smith admitted as much: "There is indeed," he said.

"Beer nowadays," continued the miller, "has *no* heart in it. . . ."

"None at all," interjected Archy.

". . . and *no* body."

"No heart and no body nowadays, it's just bare skin and bone as you might say," rejoined Archy. "Why, I can mind the time, Alf, and so can you, Mr. Culpepper. . . .

"Ah, I *can* mind that time," the miller eagerly said.

". . . when you could not get more than one single sole solitary pint of rare old stingo served across a public counter. They dassen't serve you!"

"O, 'twas perilous," the miller agitatedly agreed, "perilous it *was!*"

"Gunpowder!" growled Mr. Bottrell. "And now?"

"No heart in it."

"And no body," added the other. "You might just as well be a duck, swallowing dew. Change, you say! Why, dear heart of God, this world goes spinning round at such a pitch I wonder the old King of Trumps Himself don't get dizzy of it!"

Alphabet scratched at the ground uneasily with his stick, then folded his hands over the handle and leaned earnestly toward his nephew:

"Never abuse the Almighty, Arch. You can't be too careful. We know He is dumb, but we don't know about His ears."

"And it's all made for our welfare, Uncle, all this revolution in the space; a mile a minute is nothing to it, nothing at all! We can thank our lucky stars there's plenty of room, but you may be sure it can't go on for ever."

Mr. Culpepper intervened with a puzzled air: "What *be* you chaps talking of?"

She would sit in the garden watching Alphabet.

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"I was talking of the globe," Archy answered.

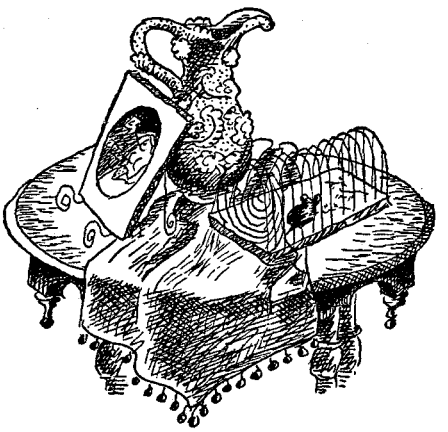
"And I of God Almighty," the smith said.

"O," Culpepper breathed, "blow this preaching! I was talking of beer."

"Well, if it's beer you're after," said Archy, "It's time we cut along and milked the old 'Cow.'"

So off they went together to "The Cow and Hare," and as they passed along by the churchyard Archy gave a glance or two over the low wall and mumbled: "Poor Hannah!" The smith said "Hum," and the miller sighed.

"My wife," he said, "has been dead and gone four years come this next thirteenth of November. Poor suffering soul! Twenty-three weeks she lay, but *full* of life, *so* happy. Kidneys. No one knows, *do* they?



"That Thatcher is a middling tidy batsman, Alf."

"He never seems to get many runs, Arch."

"O, but he blocks the ball well."

"I say no one knows, Mr. Bottrell," said the mournful miller. "Do they now? No one knows."

"It's a fact, Mr. Culpepper," said the new widower with great heartiness. "They do *not* know."

IV

THAT SAME year Archy Bottrell began to build his uncle a double fronted cottage in a garden to itself and under one roof, but having two doors, each leading to a room down and a room up, so that Alphabet could inhabit one half entirely to himself and Amnesty the other entirely to herself, or as near as might be. The builder had just tried to persuade his uncle to elope, to emigrate secretly or separate publicly, to pack Amnesty off somehow, to put her into an asylum, or even murder her; but to all these proposals his uncle had right and rooted objections, and the double cottage alone satisfied his sense of what could with propriety be done to improve his situation.

When all was ready Alphabet and Amnesty moved into the new cottage and dwelled side by side, severed only by plaster and wall paper, and no sooner were they established there than the smith made up his mind to effect another remarkable change. Having pondered long over some small books and calculated with a pencil on some large pieces of paper, he concluded that it was a ripe and favorable time for him to retire, so he sold his horseshoe business to an asthmatic cockney, who had something to do with bicycles, and resolved to labor no more.

He inducted himself gradually into his new leisure by making odd household contrivances, mostly of iron, and tilling the new garden. Amnesty, rather baffled by his constant presence before her, seemed inclined to forego some of her ancient follies, and she would sit in the garden watching Alphabet, who did not mind her so much now — found himself indeed growing affable to her! At times they even shared a meal together, for she often ran short of some commodity or other that he kept a store of. Ayres still bought and paid for everything, he had always done so; sometimes he gave Amnesty a shilling or a sixpence, but she only spent most of it on toffee.

One morning she went out into the garden and took a mouse to him. It was caught in a trap cage, and what with fright or some other mishap the captive had given birth to five pink piglike morsels no bigger than bees, all dead.

"God help us!" said Alphabet. "I can't harm that poor thing. Give it a feed of cheese rind and let it go."

They pushed cheese through the bars but the mouse did not heed it any more than she heeded her five dead babes. The smith poked their bodies about with a hairpin; they were stiff and pallid; the trap with its dead and living prisoners filled him with acute distaste.

"I don't mind a mouse," he explained to his wife, "but it's not my kind of partner in this blissful world. I didn't make the world, but I don't want much of it. I didn't make the mouse, and I don't want it at all. A four-footed beast goes its own way about things, got it's living to get same as the rest of us, but it's not my kind of partner in the blissful world. Long as it keeps itself to itself, and no larceny — all serene; but soon as it gets its nose into my cheese pot we got to have some everlasting understanding. That's my hunting temper, I suppose; but it's the same for us all, turn and

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turn about. If I was a mouse I know what I'd be in for — and that is good justice."

"What, you!" cackled Amnesty, "You never had any hunting temper!"

A little huffed, he said: "You, what do you know? You know nothing about it."

"I know you, and I know that much."

Alphabet corrected her in a surly manner: "Every man has a hunting temper of some sort. Some hunt women, some politics, some money, and I don't know what all. I don't hunt money, though I shouldn't rush home out of a shower of it if a storm came on! That I wouldn't. And I never hunted women, I was never a hound to that sort of hare."

"No," said Amnesty, "you never caught much, did you!"

"Was never anything to catch," he answered.

She had apparently been surprised and subdued by his unwonted chatter, but here she recovered herself:

"Ho, ho, wasn't there, Alphabet Ayres! I was fair as a lily, once; sweet as a rose, I was. And I was manhandled many times and never told you of it, see!"

The smith sniffed disgustedly: "Get away with you!"

"But I was! And more than once or twice. And it wasn't with any old soldier, either."

Ayres stared his entire unbelief: "No, I never knew that. You never told me."

Amnesty was scoffing: "Not likely. I'd something better to think of!"

"Who was it?" he asked. "When was it?"

"Tra la la la," sang she.

"You was always a cunning thing," the smith said slowly. "I don't believe a word of it."

Swiftly she replied: "I was never cunning enough in this world, not by half, but we'll see how I gets on in the next, please God."

All day long he was bothered and plied her with question after question, now direct, now subtle, about this new strange aspect of his wife, an old aspect though new to him, but Amnesty would reveal nothing more and she enjoyed a sort of triumph over him at last.

The next morning his wife sat in a chair outside her door watching him at labor with a hoe. After a silent while Alphabet paused in front of her and leaned on his hoe.

"I had a rare dream last night — dreamt I was just married to a nice young gal! A lovely creature she was, as pretty a piece of fabric as a man could wish to handle."

"Dirty creature!" exclaimed Amnesty.

"All right. All right," he answered pacifically, and resumed his work.

"Look, neighbors!" she cried, to nobody in particular, for there was none but themselves in view: "Look at that heathen man, petting his potatoes again!"

Her husband straightened his back and said laconically:

"She was lovely; never had to do any courting."

Amnesty said no more.

The dream may have been a true dream, or it may just have been fabricated by him to oppose his wife's disagreeable hints, yet from that time Alphabet did really begin to dream astonishing things by nights and do peculiar things by day. Something seemed to be working to an explosion within him. It was not the mere affliction of leisure — though what a scope it gave for brooding! — nor remose for his sins, whatever they were; it was as if Amnesty had been urging a rock over a crumbling cliff, and at last it had fallen. It was he who went mad, and there was no half and half about it, like Amnesty. He had got the devil one morning on an anvil in his sitting room — so he thought — he was cutting him out of the axle of the world, and with a heavy hammer he clouted and smote the table and chairs and fireplace and dresser and windows, crying out: "Jehovah!" and "Sweet sinners!" until all was crashed to splinters and he had destroyed the place. Neighbors and strangers rushed along, but they feared him, and he scattered them all for hours until a doctor came with men and beguiled him off to a madhouse.

He was never let out again. Amnesty was left by herself, but although she thus became sole mistress of the cottage she never used but her own half as before, keeping herself alone there, waiting and moping and visibly growing older. The box and bird nest were done away with and no more seen, and she did not walk the roads. At all hours of the day she would go, ah, and creep all hours of the night, to his door and knock upon it, though there was never an answer to be got or the hope of one. The door was not locked, yet she never touched the hasp to enter, but knocked and stood and called and asked for him.

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Should Wages Be Cut?

A Debate.*

No!

by RUDOLPH SPRECKELS

President of the Spreckels Sugar Corporation

INDUSTRIAL leaders have learned many things in the decade since our last major depression. One is that an underpaid worker does not make a satisfied or a satisfactory worker. Another is that underpaid workers make poor customers; that is, contribute little or nothing to the purchasing power of the country at large on which industry is dependent for distribution and consumption of the things it makes.

Then, too, industry has learned that wage scales are not reduced without danger of strikes and lockouts. And strikes and lockouts result in an economic waste that is practically incalculable, in which both employers and labor are involved. Industry has learned further that as general conditions begin to show signs of improvement workers whose earnings may have been cut become restless and impatient for a restoration of the former wage scale even before such a restoration is really justified; and another period of ruinously wasteful strikes may set in.

These are some of the things industry has learned in the last ten years. Its apparent altruism, therefore, in attempting to maintain wage scales in the present depression might very easily be debunked — if industry were laying any claim to altruism — by showing that it is simply following sound business policy. But it is one thing to say that wages should be maintained in spite of the present depression, and quite another thing to maintain them. It is vitally important that there be no lowering of our living standard, a standard which is responsible for the normally high and nation-wide demand for the products of industry; but on every hand we see this standard reduced. This is not because any industrialist or group of industrialists wishes it to be lowered, but because as things are to-day their hands are tied. They protest loudly from the rostrum that they are unalterably opposed to wage reductions; but they go back to their offices to find they can't meet former pay rolls. Reduced consumption has forced them to reduce production. This, in turn, compels them to let some of their employees go and to keep others on part time only. Though the rate of wages is widely maintained, the actual amount of money distributed in wages to the country's workers has consequently been vastly reduced.

The situation is further aggravated by cut-throat competition, not only as between individual companies within an industry but as between whole industries. Lumber and cement, coal and petroleum, rayon and silk are but a few of the more obvious cases in point. And under our present anti-trust laws, the units within an industry dare not agree to eliminate destructive competition. Thus we have price cutting and rebates and other special concessions within an industry that, for the best interests of the whole body economic, should present a united front.

It is common knowledge that price cutting is one of the most serious manifestations of the illness from which business is suffering to-day. It is indulged in by the stronger corporations in the hope that they can secure a larger share of the reduced volume of business available and that eventually their weaker competitors will be forced to the wall. It is a form of putting these weaker competitors on the spot, every bit as vicious as the act of a bunch of gangsters when they take a rival gangster for a ride. And because competitors try to meet these cuts with further reductions and concessions, commodity prices finally get down to a point that is ruinous to all because they are below the actual cost of production.

*This debate was arranged and edited by José Bornn, Jr.

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That is the case to-day. And that is the reason why the argument that wages should be reduced to conform to to-day's low cost of living is not a sound argument. To-day's low cost of living is a purely factitious one because it is based on commodity prices which are below cost. To attempt to build a scale of wages, which is so vital a part of our economic structure, on such a foundation is simply to court disaster.

But what, asks the beleaguered business executive who is confronted with lower consumption and higher costs per unit of production, is to be done about it? He believes sincerely that wages should be maintained, but he simply can't maintain them and stay in business. He knows that by letting many of his workers go he is adding to the army of unemployed, large numbers of whom will be badly fed and morally ruined by charity, but he has no work for them and could not pay them if he kept them. The answer to this question is comparatively simple. Stop cutthroat competition and put commodity prices back on a basis on which goods can be produced at a reasonable profit.

But how to bring these things about is another matter. The first step necessary is a general realization that lasting prosperity, industrial peace, and human happiness require honest and constructive coöperation between men as individuals and between capital and labor and government as well. A new relationship in American business is imperative, and it is equally important that business make its requirements known to the government.

Perhaps the most important of all is the absolute necessity for intelligent revision or modification of our anti-trust laws. Destructive competition is proving in the present highly developed organization of American business every bit as disastrous to the welfare of this nation and its people as unrestricted monopoly was at the time these laws were enacted. If, under proper government supervision, industries could organize within themselves to keep production more or less in line with demand and prices at levels which would be fair to producers and consumers alike, then one of the most serious factors contributing to unemployment and reduced or part-time wages would be eliminated.

The railroads of the country and their employees have just recently provided an excellent example of the sort of intelligent cooperation that is needed between capital and labor. The railroads asked for an increase in freight rates in order that they might be enabled to maintain present wage scales and at the same time preserve their own financial standing. The railroad brotherhoods, which in the past would have demanded a proportionate increase in wages, in this instance did nothing of the sort, instead actively supporting the stand taken by the roads.

In many other fields of American business similar action is necessary but impossible under the present anti-trust laws. I am sure that the people of the country would be quite willing to spend a few cents more for the things they buy each day if, by so doing, they could be assured of a regular — and full — pay envelope each week. This applies equally to those who are dependent on income from investments.

The emergency is great, and for this reason I would strongly urge on President Hoover that he call an extra session of Congress to be convened not later than September 15, 1931. Though at first blush this may seem to business men a remedy worse than the disease, I believe that on second thought they will see the wisdom of such a step. They will have Congress to contend with in any event next December when the regular session opens. But by then human suffering probably will have become so acute that the legislators may adopt ill-advised because too hastily considered measures. Furthermore, if business men and others knew definitely that an extra session was to be called to consider relief measures, they would be spurred on to formulate a constructive plan for presentation to Congress.

The chief point, however, is that an extra session of Congress convened as suggested could go about the task of revision of our anti-trust laws and the preparation of relief measures for the unemployed with more deliberation than will be possible next December. The views of our industrial and our labor leaders, and of the officials of the various government agencies having to do with business, agriculture, and labor, could be obtained and carefully weighed.

With the anti-trust laws so revised or amended that the units within an industry

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could get together and, under the proper Government supervision, keep production within the bounds of demand and prices on a basis that would be fair to both producer and consumer, the stability that is so conspicuously lacking to-day would be restored, ruinous price wars that benefit no one would be eliminated, and a pool of prosperity would be built up from which everyone would draw his fair share: labor a reasonable wage, capital a legitimate return on its investment, and government a proper revenue from taxation.

Yes!

by BYRON W. HOLT

Former Editor of Moody's Magazine

REGARDLESS of discussions and theories, wages are being reduced and will continue to be reduced as long as the prices of commodities and the cost of living continue to decline. Wages and rents are about the last of the economic factors to move in either direction. Unorganized labor, and especially farm labor, declines first and union labor last. However, union labor may lose more, through unemployment, than it gains by maintaining nominal high wages. Prompt adjustments to changed conditions would probably be best for wage earners as well as for employees and consumers. Lower wages, when the cost of living is declining, would lower prices and increase production, employment, and consumption.

Ideally, money wages would go up and down with the cost of living. Assuming that wages were fair and just in 1929, they should now be about 15 per cent lower. If railroad wages were 10 per cent lower our railroads would save $250,000,000, would be in the black instead of in the red, and would not be asking for increased rates from impoverished farmers, manufacturers, merchants, and consumers. Increased rates are a doubtful boon at best.

General wages depend upon the relative freedom of opportunities to produce and exchange goods. Wages have always been high in the United States because access to cheap and fertile land and mines has been relatively easy and because this is the greatest free trade country in the world. It is free land and free trade that are responsible for our high standard of living. The high prices of farm lands, which resulted from war prices for farm products, are largely responsible for the present sad plight of our farmers and for our business depression. Our increased tariff duties and retaliatory duties in other countries have to share the blame for our present troubles.

The way to maintain the so-called American standard of living is not, in the present state of affairs, to maintain industrial wages at pre-depression levels. Commodity prices, the prices for finished products and for most other services than industrial labor itself, have been drastically reduced. All the rest of our economic structure should not be strained to the breaking point for the sake of one department of that structure. The burden of the depression should be shared by all alike.

The standard of living should not be confused with the cost of living. When the cost of living goes down 15 or 20 per cent, as it has since 1929, it is obvious that a 15 per cent reduction in money wages would cause no lowering of the living standard. It is equally obvious that maintaining money wages on the old basis amounts to an actual increase of 15 or 20 per cent in "real," or purchasing power wages, assuming there is no change in employment. And it is a perfectly simple and easily demonstrated fact that in times of depression the rest of the economic structure cannot, and does not for long, pay an increase in real wages to industrial workers or to any other of the many groups of which that structure is composed.

We have all seen the obvious symptoms of the present depression — bread lines, municipal lodging houses, desperate appeals for charity. Less familiar but equally painful is the moral degeneration which enforced dependence on charity inevitably brings about in so many instances.

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This situation, of course, is not exclusively the result of the well-intentioned efforts — unprecedented in any past depression — of industrial employers to maintain former wage scales. Many other factors in our national economy are to-day glaringly out of balance. Nevertheless, this attempt to keep wages up has probably aggravated rather than helped unemployment. A 10 per cent cut in wage scales, even if employment were reduced to 90 per cent of the former working force, would be better for labor as a whole and for the country at large than a reduction in employment of 25 per cent with wage scales maintained. It is significant that the textile mills are relatively prosperous to-day because they were among the first to reduce their wage scales.

But that is by no means the only, or even the strongest, argument for bringing industrial wage scales into line with the price reductions which have taken place practically everywhere else in our price structure. The cost of living, since 1929, has been reduced about 15 per cent. Farm wages have been lowered at least 30 per cent, while the total farm income has declined even more than that. Yet industrial wage scales have fallen less than one per cent from the peak in 1929, based on average hourly wages.

What these changes in money wages mean in real wages, is still more significant. What the farmer earns to-day will buy about 25 per cent less of what he needs than it would in 1929. This constitutes a very real reduction in the living standard even of the farmer, or farm worker, who is fully employed — and not all of them are so employed. On the other hand, what the fully employed industrial worker earns to-day will buy him at least 15 per cent more than it would two years ago. But what a price all the rest of the country is asked to pay so that the living standard of those in industry fortunate enough to be fully employed may not only be maintained but even actually increased!

The difference in the status of the organized industrial worker and the unorganized farm worker has been accentuated by the fact that there have been violent breaks in the prices of farm products and other raw materials, while the recessions in the prices for the products of industry, for rent and so on, though pronounced, have been mild in comparison. As Dr. B. M. Anderson of the Chase National Bank pointed out recently, "manufacturing costs and prices are still on stilts while agricultural prices are in the mire."

Thus is revealed a situation which is unbalanced to the danger point. Farm income and the income from the production of other raw materials have been so reduced that now an exchange of what they have to sell for the still high-priced products of industry gets them less than they have actually spent in producing it. Industry, on the other hand, as a result of the low farm purchasing power, finds its distribution vastly curtailed and consequently cannot use enough raw materials and farm products to maintain the purchasing power in agricultural and raw material producing communities.

That is why — and how — an unbalanced situation as between agriculture and industry stifles distribution of the products of both. A properly or reasonably balanced situation, however, actually creates purchasing power. For it must be remembered that the products of the farm come into the market not only as so much grain and dairy products and cotton and meat, but also as so much demand for the products of industry such as farm tools and clothing and radios and all the other countless items that farmers cannot or do not make for themselves. When we approach a balance in the costs and prices of these two groups of products consumption is high and business is likely to be good. It matters comparatively little — particularly in so far as domestic business is concerned — at what level, as compared with any past period, industrial and agricultural and raw material prices are balanced.

This does not mean that the necessary readjustment will put industrial prices in the mire. But it does mean that industrial prices must be brought down and farm prices lifted up until the two meet on more or less level ground. So far as industry is concerned this will entail the most rigid economy in all directions. Stockholders must be content with reduced, if not actually suspended, dividends. It is essential, and a matter simply of justice, that organized labor should take its share of the burden of economy forced on industry by lower sales, reduced income, and smaller unit profits. If our laborers do not accept reduced money wages they will have to accept greatly reduced, or part time, employment.

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Newton D. Baker

Presidential Possibilities—II

by **FRANK R. KENT**

THERE ARE several ways in which a man may become a Presidential possibility in this country. One is to come up by the old party machine route — as did Harding, Coolidge, McKinley, and many another. Docilely going along with the organization over a period of years, they step from one political office to another, always preserving a serious and solemn front, until finally they achieve sufficient national visibility to become available for the nomination. A lucky break does the rest. In this way some extremely mediocre, not to say shoddy, men have reached the White House. Another method is through distinguished service in some conspicuous public office, generally the governorship of some important state. Four-fifths of all our Presidents since the Civil War have been state governors. All save one — the present President — prior to his nomination had held some less exalted but important elective post, which he skillfully used as a political springboard. Woodrow Wilson was a fine example.

Still another way to acquire Presidential availability is to achieve a success in private or professional life that establishes a national reputation for ability and character. And, in rare cases, a military hero or an individual with little else save a flaming personality and an evangelical spirit — the late William Jennings

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Bryan, for instance — secures a personal popularity that compels consideration and has on occasions compelled nomination. Sometimes the requisite visibility has been obtained through a combination of some two or more of these more or less standardized methods of political progress toward the White House goal. It is not often, however, that a man becomes a recognized national party figure who possesses some of the advantages from *all* these various avenues of approach. The fact that to some extent Newton Diehl Baker of Ohio has traveled along all of them makes his perhaps the most interesting of all the names on the Democratic eligible list of Presidential possibilities.

As a twice elected Mayor of Cleveland, a delegate to many Democratic Conventions, and a staunch supporter of state and national tickets, he seems to have the qualifications of party regularity and political experience. As Secretary of War during the greatest of all wars his service was of a distinguished nature and his record an outstandingly good one. As a lawyer and a citizen he has an earned reputation for probity, public spirit, high intelligence, and real capacity. The crusading flavor of his personality and the strong streak of idealism in his mental make-up are apparent to anyone who has heard him as an orator. They have contributed considerably to the impression he has made upon widely different groups in various sections of the country at different times.

While there are to-day some public men of wider fame than Baker, there are few private citizens who have had more different opportunities for attracting national attention, and none at all who have been out of public life as long as he who have held as much national interest. The fact that after twelve years of private life in which, except in behalf of others, he has been completely inactive politically, and held no public office of any sort, Baker should remain so vividly and favorably in the public eye as to be, without effort on his part, one of the three or four men recognized as available for the Democratic nomination for President next year, is a remarkable tribute to the man.

The truth is he is a remarkable man, whose personal qualities, as well as his public record, regardless of parties, have made him easily the leading citizen of his state, and one of the outstanding men of the country. The salient surface facts about his life can be briefly condensed. The son of a West Virginia surgeon, he was born at Martinsburg sixty years ago. Graduated from Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore in 1892, he studied law at Washington and Lee College. Moving to Cleveland in 1894, he took an active interest in Democratic politics and practiced his profession. It was in 1897 that he first met the late Tom Johnson, then Mayor of Cleveland. Between the two an immediate personal attachment was formed. Johnson named him first Assistant City Solicitor, and then City Solicitor, to which office he was elected for three consecutive terms. So close were the political and personal ties between Johnson and Baker that upon the death of the former his political mantle logically fell upon the latter's shoulders, and he was elected Mayor in 1912 and reëlected in 1914. It was at the end of his second term — in 1918 — that Woodrow Wilson named him as Secretary of War.

Since the close of the Wilson administration, Baker has held no office and aspired to none. As far as can be recalled, he has functioned publicly but twice. Once was in 1924, when at the Democratic Convention in Madison Square he made a memorable and moving speech, urging upon his party continued loyalty to the League of Nations. He put everything there was in him — physically, mentally, and spiritually — into that speech. No man can do more than that. It was tremendously impressive and none who heard it will forget it, despite the fact that a few minutes later the Convention overwhelmingly rejected the resolution for which he spoke and discarded the principle to which he was devoted.

The only other Baker activity of a public nature in these latter years is his service upon Mr. Hoover's so-called Wickersham Commission, the chief duty of which was to investigate and report upon the working of the Eighteenth Amendment. In this report Baker unequivocally expressed himself as opposed to the theory of putting prohibition into the Constitution, and favored its repeal. To those who know him there was no surprise in this. It was in exact accord with his convictions on the subject, cherished and expressed long before prohibition went into effect.

An Open-Minded Conservative

These facts constitute the barest outline of the Baker career, but within the

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limitations of this article it is not possible to treat him historically more fully. It is more interesting and more important to attempt some picture of him personally, to tell what sort of a man he is rather than what he has done. Frail, slender, a little less than average height, with a thin, mobile face, expressive brown eyes, and a look unmistakably indicative of intelligence and character, Baker is anything but impressive in appearance and as far as possible removed from the statesman type. He is a student and a reader, with a deep love of good literature and a real feeling for words. Distinctly the intellectual type, his pleasures are those of the scholar and, despite his knowledge, experience, and participation in politics, there is little of the politician about him. He is sensitive and shy — the reverse of a good mixer, yet he has scores of personal friends who are literally devoted to him.

An idealist with a practical and balanced mind, Baker was undoubtedly in his younger days more radical than he is now. For example, he was in hearty sympathy at the time with the municipal ownership idea of Tom Johnson and, as Mayor of Cleveland, made the Johnson policies his own, was elected upon the pledge to carry them out — and did. He has been called a natural Progressive, a born liberal, and an "advanced thinker," whatever that may be. One of his friends who has known him intimately since his student days vigorously denies that there ever was a radical tinge to Baker's views despite his close relations to Johnson and his belief in the Johnson policies. Baker was convinced, this man says, of the soundness of some of Johnson's ideas because some of them unquestionably *were* sound and have been so proved, but he was not really a radical.

What he really is, this friend contends, and what he always has been, is a conservative with an open mind. There are those who will say that this is a contradiction of terms and that a conservative with an open mind is really a liberal. At any rate, the thing about Baker that has always stood out has been his willingness to listen carefully to the radical or Progressive side, because he realized that there was so much to say on that side. The chief beauty of his mind is its amazing clarity, and the most delightful thing about talking with him is his extraordinary ability to choose precisely the right words to express his meaning.

In his student days at Johns Hopkins University he took no part in athletics and little exercise. His chief pleasure, he has said, was the contacts with the graduate students whom he met around the university boarding houses of the day. Yet despite his more or less remote intellectual student life, among the friends he made then and who are still his friends were some of the real athletes of the old Johns Hopkins days. He loved Johns Hopkins, loved going back to Baltimore to class reunions, loved the class banquets and the class life. Some years ago he could have been, if he had wanted, president of the University and the idea appealed to him tremendously. Reluctantly he gave it up because, as he said, his roots were too deep in Cleveland, and it would necessitate too radical a reorganization of his life. He is, however, a member of the Board of Trustees and takes the keenest interest in the affairs of the University and its progress.

It was at Johns Hopkins that he first met Woodrow Wilson, who was a graduate student there when Baker was an undergraduate. In 1912 Baker was, of course, an enthusiastic Wilson man and there was then a boom for him for the Vice-Presidential nomination, which he squelched with the emphatic statement that he would prefer to be Mayor of Cleveland. After his second election Wilson sent for him and asked him to be Secretary of War. At first Baker was delighted. He wanted to serve under and be associated with Wilson. Then he thought it over and concluded that at that particular time it would be a mistake for the administration to have a Secretary of War with a pacifist reputation. It would be, he felt, distasteful to the country. Upon reaching Washington he went at once to the White House and told Wilson his opinion. "Suppose, Mr. Baker," said Wilson, "you let me judge whether I am making a mistake or not. What I want you to do now is go across the street there and swear in."

That he made a successful, even a great Secretary of War, few unprejudiced persons will deny. It was a great job he had to perform, and he gave to it everything he had. The best test of his success was the complete respect he won from the military forces over whom he was placed, from General Pershing down. They soon recognized that despite his frail physique and his pacifist reputation, here was a man not only fair, competent, just, and clear-headed,

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but of unquenchable courage and unshakable determination. It was typical of Baker that he should have accepted without a word the full journalistic and political blame for the refusal to permit General Leonard Wood to go abroad, when that refusal was based not in the least, as charged, upon personal prejudice and small administration politics, but upon the emphatically expressed judgment of General Pershing himself — a judgment that subsequent events proved completely sound.

Through all that furious and unfair attack there never was the least attempt upon the part of Baker to "pass the buck." Avowed hater of war though he was, it was also typical of him that after his return from that 1918 visit abroad, made for the purpose of first-hand observations of the American army and the general situation, he should say to a friend, "As much as I deplore the taking of human life, I am convinced that now we are in, there is but one thing to do — and that is to kill Germans and kill Germans and kill Germans until their numbers are sufficiently reduced to make the rest listen." It was Charles Gates Dawes who, in 1922, referred to Mr. Baker as "one of the greatest of Americans."

There is no doubt that of all the members of his Cabinet, and of all the men with whom he surrounded himself during his two administrations, Wilson took a greater delight in his contact with Baker than with any other. Their minds were amazingly alike, though their personalities widely differed. Their tastes were congenial, their intellectual kinship close, their companionship agreeable, their mutual respect and affection great. Since Wilson's death, Mr. Baker has apparently had no thought of reëntering public life. He has industriously practiced law — and with great success. He has had big clients and made large fees. When in Washington he was a relatively poor man, drove his own car, and, while he held up his end so far as social requirements of a Cabinet official were concerned, practiced economy in other ways — had to. Now he has achieved complete economic independence and is a relatively rich man.

In politics he has played his part as a regular Democrat; he presented the name of James M. Cox as a candidate in 1920, supported John W. Davis in the following campaign, and made several speeches for Alfred E. Smith in 1928. The most conspicuous thing he has done politically, however, was his League of Nations speech in New York. Baker was and is a strong, sincere, convinced adherent of the League. He was convinced he owed an obligation to the memory of Wilson, as well as to himself and to the country, to make that 1924 plea, though none knew better than he its hopelessness — a fact which made the effort all the more notable. It was truly a magnificent appeal. Those who have talked with him recently say that, while his own personal feeling about the League has not abated in the least, he recognizes that it cannot be revived as a live issue in this country now, that it is impossible to induce the Democratic party to unite upon it as in 1920, and that it would be futile to try. In brief, being a practical idealist, Baker has faced the facts about the League, accepted the situation, but not modified his own personal convictions on the subject.

That is a fairly good illustration of the Baker mentality. He has deep and enduring principles and political beliefs — beliefs based upon study, analysis, and information. It is not easy to swing him away from these principles, or to cause him to dilute them. Neither political expediency nor personal prejudices affect them. On the other hand, no one is swifter to recognize futility than this clear-headed, far-sighted, quick-witted lawyer, and no one hates futility more. As completely as anyone he realizes to-day the deadness of the League as an issue. As a League advocate he would consider it a mistake to try to put a country in that does not want to go in.

Baker's Nomination Chances

It would be pleasant, if there were space, to take up and discuss some of Mr. Baker's views on other subjects of public concern, both foreign and domestic. He is the sort of man with the sort of mind which has views — not vague views, but views based on thought and study and experience. For example, there is his view that it would be better for the world if there were a mutual cancellation of war debts, a proposition which he publicly made back in the 1924 campaign. There are also his interesting views on organized labor. It was in 1923 that Baker, then President of the Cleveland Chamber of Commerce, had a debate with the late Samuel Gompers, then President of the

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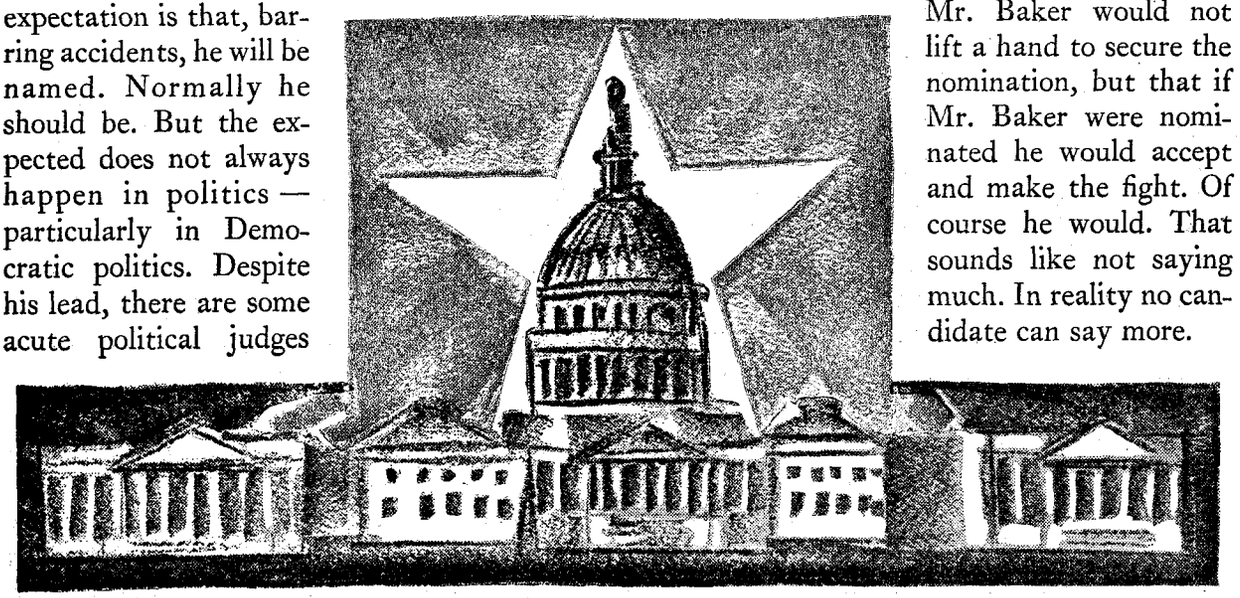
American Federation of Labor, Baker speaking in favor of the open shop and Gompers, of course, for the closed shop. In 1924 when there was a suggestion of Baker for President the idea that Labor would be against him because of his open shop advocacy was brought forth, but it did not seem well founded. Then and now some of his strongest friends are union labor leaders. Gompers himself was one of them.

There have been so many phases of Baker's activities and so many movements in which he has played a part that it would take vastly more space than I am here allowed to cover them adequately, and it is not worth while to try. What I have attempted to do is touch upon the high spots in his career as a citizen and a public official, indicate his outstanding personal qualities and characteristics, and point out the reasons why, twelve years after he has ceased to hold public office, he should loom so large among the eligibles of his party on the threshold of a campaign in which that party is believed to have a better chance for success than it has had for a long time.

As to his chances for the nomination, it is difficult to say. Certainly they are not so good as even. Logically, the Democratic nominee should come from New York, not only because that is the indispensable state with the largest electoral vote, but because the three most conspicuous party figures with the highest national visibility live there—Governor Roosevelt, Ex-Governor Smith, and Mr. Owen D. Young. On form, one of these should be nominated. Governor Roosevelt at this time is concededly the leading candidate. The general expectation is that, barring accidents, he will be named. Normally he should be. But the expected does not always happen in politics—particularly in Democratic politics. Despite his lead, there are some acute political judges who do not believe Governor Roosevelt will be able to make the grade. These hold that the New York situation is so complicated by Tammany and Smith and Wall Street and Power and other things that in the end the Democratic party will have to look elsewhere for its standard bearer. They believe that the New York aspirants will cancel each other out and, to avoid going into the campaign handicapped by bad feeling, a compromise candidate from another section will be chosen. Under the circumstances, the contention is that Ohio, pivotal and electorally important, is the logical state to which to turn. And if the convention turns to Ohio, Baker's friends believe his selection is assured, notwithstanding the well-known fact that James Middleton Cox, the 1920 candidate, is all broken out again with Presidential bee stings. Cox is undoubtedly stronger in the Ohio organization than Baker, but there is much more sentiment for Baker outside of Ohio. They may be mistaken, but Baker's friends are convinced that, once the New Yorkers are eliminated, Baker's nomination is inevitable.

A few weeks ago there emanated from Washington quite a blast of Baker publicity, all seemingly spontaneous. In Chicago, St. Louis, Kansas City, New York, Baltimore, and elsewhere newspapers simultaneously carried "stories" concerning the availability of Baker as a candidate. The following day from Cleveland the Associated Press carried a brief but authoritative statement made on behalf of Mr. Baker "by a friend." In effect it said that Mr. Baker was not a candidate for the nomination, that Mr. Baker would not lift a hand to secure the nomination, but that if Mr. Baker were nominated he would accept and make the fight. Of course he would. That sounds like not saying much. In reality no candidate can say more.



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The Lost Generation

What Chance for the College Graduate of '31?

by **CHRISTIAN GAUSS**

Dean of Princeton College

I

COMMENCEMENTS this year were not altogether the happy occasions they have been in the past. Except in the war years, it has been customary for teachers, parents, relatives, and friends to congratulate the young man or woman who steps off the platform with an A.B. degree, upon two counts: first, because they have successfully concluded their preparation for life; second, because they are now ready to embark upon what, for lack of a more modest word, we call their careers. This year, congratulations on this second point were not in order.

Many outsiders have perhaps not realized that the undergraduate of to-day, whatever shortcomings he may have, is certainly taking a more grown-up attitude toward life. He looks forward with eagerness to being "upon his own."

No matter what the financial situation of their parents — and this is quite as true of young women as it is of young men — undergraduates have been looking forward impatiently to making and paying their own way in the world.

Tennyson's "sweet girl graduate, with her golden hair" is hopelessly out of date in 1931. No graduate of any woman's college this year is looking forward, like the young ladies in *The Princess*, to a life in some great castle, where to the moan of doves in immemorial elms she devotes herself to enlightening her less privileged sisters and working for the cause of suffrage. She has the vote, and now takes that for granted. She will tell you quite bluntly that what she wants is a job. For her, as for the young men, the one great value of a sheepskin is that it is a passport into the world of affairs.

William James, in heralding the dawn of our new era, startled many of his contemporaries when he said that whatever else God may be, He is not a gentleman. He does not merely sit by and make genteel comments. There is hard work to be done in His world. To be happy, even to be real, He must work. I have no intention of implying that the young men and women in the colleges to-day are divine. They would drum any professor off the campus if he accused them of that. It is certainly true, however, that the college graduates of recent years are not gentlefolk in the old-fashioned sense. In most instances it is necessary for them to work; in all instances it is smart to do so. They are not afraid of soiling their hands, they want jobs; and the long and short of it is that, relatively at least, there are no jobs available. It is as if we had dropped them on the hard surface of an asphalt lake and told them to swim to shore.

II

THERE IS another factor in the situation which, for the time being at least, adds to its seriousness. Fifty years ago the great majority of college graduates went into the professions. Many of them went directly into school or college teaching. In the women's colleges, particularly, this was almost the sole outlet for the girl who wanted to or had to work and whose parents would allow her to do so. Of the graduates from the men's colleges, teaching took a fairly large percentage. This, with preaching, medicine, and law, and more rarely, writing and journalism, accounted for the majority.

Lack of available records as to just what becomes of alumni makes it impossible to give any accurate statistics for the country in general. From the figures of a number of colleges that do keep such records, it is fair to conclude that the proportion of those who formerly went into these professions has recently been reduced to such a point that the

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vast majority, instead of going into professions properly so-called, have been going into business. During the past decade, this loose category of "business" was absorbing from sixty to eighty per cent of our college graduates. The abrupt stoppage of our commercial expansion, and the actual contraction and squeezing out of men in many industries, have made it impossible for business this year to absorb anything like this percentage. What are the uncalled to do about it?

It is because business has come to be so important a consumer of the product of the colleges that most of them have established bureaus of personnel or employment whose purpose is to help sift and place their graduates in the great commercial organizations. Anyone who during the last six months has talked with the directors of these employment agencies or placement bureaus has heard the same dismal story. In ordinary years, they will tell you, representatives of the great key industries of the country come to see them and eagerly lay before them the needs of their organizations. The college personnel officer then sifts out the young men in the graduating class and arranges the necessary interviews.

This year the representatives of the great business organizations have not been coming to the college offices looking for men. Many of them have been compelled to lay off experienced employees; others have had to reduce the hours of labor and are running on part time. One of the country's largest banks which of recent years had annually been taking on 80 college graduates will this year take less than a dozen. A great electrical company that was taking on from 250 to 400 can make room this year for only about 15. A great public utility corporation that took between 200 and 300 has also been forced this year to cut down to less than 20.

This has resulted in a situation that looks for all the world like an overproduction of college graduates. While competition for the abler men in the graduating classes has, of recent years, been unusually keen, this year almost any organization that can possibly find a place on its rolls for highly capable and promising young men can pick them up practically without competition. There is a buyer's market for college graduates. A few companies with large financial reserves and confidence in the future are taking advantage of this. They are investing in promising young men. The number of these organizations is, however, so small that they scarcely affect the congestion at the campus terminals, and from the standpoint of the colleges the remnant is not our hope but our despair. What are they to do?

In appraising the resultant situation, it must be borne in mind that the choices of this large group are not free; they are choices enforced. It may be, however, that the decisions they are making now will lead us and the colleges generally into trouble later. The young man or woman who was graduated from college in June and could not find a job is of course unwilling to remain idle. He or she must do something, and although their financial situation is often difficult and the possibilities of help from home exceedingly limited, many of them are planning to follow a quite natural course. They are accustomed to work and study on the campus. At many of their universities there are other departments which they are free to enter, provided they can possibly raise the necessary funds. Either at their own institutions or elsewhere they can continue as graduate students or students in professional schools. In spite of the hardships involved, they are planning to do this in numbers that should give us pause, for it may conceivably result in an unhealthy situation from the standpoint of society. Statistics from a number of institutions already indicate clearly a pronounced drift in this direction. Conditions in the university which I happen to know best may serve as an index of this general trend.

The number of men who finish their college course at Princeton and who continue with graduate work, or who enter professional schools, has usually run somewhat higher than in the country at large. Before leaving college, the members of the senior class, as at many other colleges, indicate what they are planning to do after graduation and the results are published in their year book. The class of 1929 may be taken as the last one that went out into the wide, wide world under conditions of prosperity. It should be said that the number in the graduating class is fairly constant, running from 450 to 500. The decline in the number of those who vote in any year should therefore be explained by the failure of the editors to get

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out the vote, rather than by any variation in the size of the classes.

In answer to the question, "Are you planning to enter a graduate or professional school?" the replies at Princeton for the last three years were as follows:

	1929	1930	1931
Yes	125	156	240
No	194	219	229
Undecided	13	16	18

It will be seen that there has been a very rapid rise since the depression began in the percentage of those intending to continue professional or graduate studies. The percentage of those voting who were going to enter professional or graduate schools rose from 37 in 1929 to 39 in 1930, and to 48 in 1931. It may be that this really astonishing rise at one institution in 1931 is excessive and somewhat out of line; but even if we discount this possibility, reports from any number of other institutions indicate the same general tendency.

THE SOLUTION being worked out by the college graduates themselves in 1931 cannot be taken as altogether satisfactory. It will of course provide them with something to do for a year or two, provided that in the meantime they can make both ends meet; but it is only a postponement of the day of reckoning. Quite evidently, if business cannot now absorb its normal percentage of college graduates, in a few years the professions will be called upon to make a place for them. This may be hard on the professions, for some of them, particularly the law, are already overcrowded and we may be running serious danger of creating what already exists in many European countries — an unemployable, intellectual proletariat.

A few years ago I asked a highly intelligent and capable young Norwegian who had come to the United States in order to complete his university education and then to settle here, why he had done so. "The reason," he replied, "is a practical one. Your country offers a great many more opportunities for the college man. The professions in my country are overcrowded. One of my older friends who had a brilliant record as a student and stood very high in the law school was very glad to accept a position as a policeman in Christiania. There was no opening for him in the law. This is a situation we have to face in many professions."

At one of the meetings of the International Chamber of Commerce at Washington a few months ago, it was made very clear that much the same situation obtains in Germany. A single instance must serve. *Bergassessor* is a position for which men qualify upon examination only after seven years of arduous professional training and considerable practical experience. The posts which such men occupy — mining engineers or inspectors — are those usually filled in our country by the competent graduates of our Schools of Mines. It was stated authoritatively that over 600 qualified *Bergassessoren* had applied for jobs as ordinary miners and that no work could be found for them. We have of course not yet reached that stage here, and it is to be hoped that we never will. We should remember, however, that we are edging up to some such crisis this year in our graduate schools. This is particularly true of those branches of higher study in which men are prepared for college and university teaching.

Like other organizations, the colleges and universities have been feeling the pinch and have been forced to cut their budgets. In a great many instances they have been compelled to reduce their teaching staff, which means that a large number of men with the requisite graduate training, plus experience, are anxiously hunting for posts. There are some cases in which salaries have been cut throughout the institution. A bill proposing such a cut in one of our largest and best-known middle western state universities is even now before the legislature. A few of the smaller and weaker colleges have virtually declared themselves bankrupt and have shut up shop. Others may be compelled to do so.

Few if any educational institutions are increasing their teaching staff. This means that men who this year go out with advanced degrees, Masters of Arts or even Doctors of Philosophy, find all doors closed to them. Reducing the number of men in their faculties has also been the rule rather than the exception in the high schools and preparatory schools. At one of the greatest of our middle western urban universities the chairman of a department which ranks among the best in this country recently stated that he had on his list of eligible teachers 189 men and women with Masters' or Doctors' degrees whom he could

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not place. Replies to a questionnaire recently showed a decided drop in the demand for teachers, with the possible exception of teachers of science and mathematics, in secondary schools. It would be almost impossible to find a chairman of any department in the graduate schools of our great universities who will not tell you that he is having unusual difficulty in placing even his best men. The heads of schools of engineering and journalism are likewise struggling with a similar problem and it would seem as if we had already reached a state of saturation in nearly all fields which employ technically trained young men.

The amazing opportunities that have been offered in the business world during the period of expansion have acted in the past as a safety valve for the professions. This is clearly indicated by the statistics of those universities which keep records of the distribution of their graduates by professions. There has, even in the last twenty or thirty years, been a very considerable seepage from the professions into business. This has been particularly noticeable among the men who started in the law. It is safe to say therefore that we are still much more adaptable than Europe and that class and professional distinctions are not so rigid. This means that if the country returns to normal within a few years, the redistribution of this surplus of professionally trained men will take place painlessly and a large number of them will drift over into business. This should not blind us, however, to the fact that we have already reached the point where our universities and the philanthropists must face a new and serious problem.

Some years ago there was pressing need in this country for more adequately trained college and university teachers. Much was done in the way of providing fellowships and financial assistance to encourage college graduates to continue with graduate studies. We seem now to have reached the point where, for the time being at least, that need has been adequately supplied and it is a question whether further encouragement through grants of this sort would be wise.

The public in general has also failed to realize the burden which this increasing demand for graduate instruction is placing upon universities which have already experienced more than their share of financial stress. In the colleges in general, calls for remission of tuition, loans, and scholarship aid are naturally more frequent and insistent than in the past. Where colleges heed these increased demands, as many of them feel that they must in periods of distress like the present, they are cutting down their own income, since they are compelled to rely upon such receipts from tuition to meet a part of their running expenses. They too are between the devil and the deep sea.

IV

The bureaus of student employment which usually do their best to provide opportunities for students who must work their way are also overtaxed. The number of undergraduates who in 1931 were enrolled with such employment bureaus is very much larger than it ever was in the past and jobs around the campuses, as everywhere else, are, alas, much rarer. This means that upon our campuses we have had much the same situation as in our cities. More men are fighting each other for fewer jobs.

At Princeton, for instance, the number of men registered with the Bureau of Student Employment in 1929–1930 was 480; this year, 1930–1931, that number rose to 630. In other words, out of every 100 undergraduates enrolled, 34 are now looking for jobs around the campus as against 24 a year ago. It is of course true that men in graduate and professional schools have less time to devote to gainful occupations than ordinary undergraduates, and the increased number of students enrolling in these schools must face the fact that their opportunities are bound to be limited. Their families should also realize this and, where it is at all feasible, grant them all possible assistance.

I recently had the opportunity of discussing the campus situation with the director of such a student employment bureau. He was at his wit's end and did not know which way to turn. "The buying power of the campus," he said, "has been much reduced so that the profits from some of our agencies are approaching the vanishing point. All of what might be called the luxury trades, usually supported by the wealthier undergraduates, have fallen off. I can give you a few instances. We ordinarily run a shoe shine parlor which is managed by a number of undergraduates. The profits from this enterprise last year ran about $3600. This year they dropped to $1800. Undergraudates are simply having their shoes shined less often. Times are hard and they do it themselves. The same is true of our refreshment agencies which sell ice cream, hot dogs, and so on, at baseball games and other athletic contests. Last year our profits were about $1000. This year they will be only one fourth of that. We usually get out a Christmas calendar. Last year our profit was $300; this year because of our drop in sales, we had a loss of $200. The men who must help earn their way in college next year cannot look forward to an easy time. What the members of the Class of 1931 who go to graduate and professional schools are going to use for money, I am sure I do not know."

Like most sensible persons, this man was willing to let bygones be bygones. The thing that troubled him most was that so many of his boys who had shown marked ability and capacity and undoubted willingness to work were unable to find jobs now that they had been graduated. In some institutions less than one fourth of those seeking employment have been placed.

It may be said, therefore, that the induction of the college classes of 1931 into the larger world at our June commencements was not an auspicious one. Most of these young men and women are sporting about it and make no complaints or recriminations. Many of them, however, are thinking very seriously about our social, political, and economic problems. They feel that something is wrong and that they are not altogether at fault.

The attitude of many of these young men and women reminds me rather strikingly of that which one of the schoolfellows of my boyhood took toward his misfortune. His parents were poor. They lived on a farm at the outskirts of town and the lad helped his father keep the place going. He was disabled for a time because his fingers were badly frostbitten while carrying his books to school in the bitter winter of our northwest. For some time he could not help with the milking; but when the teacher tried to condole him, he replied philosophically, "It serves my father right that I froze my fingers. He should have bought me some mittens."

It is inevitable that some of these young men should believe that the older generation is responsible in part at least for this jobless world in which they find themselves stranded. We, their elders, their parents, their teachers, have been telling them that we were preparing them for life. They are ready for the journey. In their language, they are all dressed up and there is no place to go. It is all very awkward and perhaps it is our fault. We should have thought of providing them with jobs.

It was the purpose of this paper to call attention to a situation rather than to suggest a remedy; but evidently if our country is ever to have a society which will function without serious friction, more attention must be given to the problem of whom and how many we shall prepare for the professions and particularly what we shall do for or with them after they have finished their arduous preparatory labors.

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These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article that has appeared in The Forum or any topic of contemporary interest. Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part. An award of twenty dollars will be given each month to the correspondent who, in the opinion of the Editor, has contributed the best letter.

The Bankers' Day of Reckoning

To the Editor:

I hope it is not too late for me to express my warm approval of the article by James Truslow Adams on "The Responsibility of Bankers" (August FORUM). This is an excellent and timely article and Mr. Adams has handled it with conviction and information. It is not a bit too strong. The experiences he quotes parallel mine exactly. There is no doubt but that a re-examination of our banks is due, and I hope that Mr. Adams' article will start the ball rolling.

EARNEST ELMO CALKINS

New York, N. Y.

In Defense of New York

To the Editor:

For some time I have been living in New York from choice. If, according to Mr. Ernest L. Meyer, I am to become one of the "breed of explainers" as described in his "Lure of the Provinces" (July FORUM) I hasten to exclaim with gusto that at least I have something to explain. Ofttimes this is more than those who dwell in the provinces have. . . . Mr. Meyer dwells at length upon the sins of New York. Is it to be supposed that Madison, Wisconsin, is free from vices? He fails to mention them, of course, but I believe it is safe to assume that, in proportion to the size of the two cities, crime and sin are equally prevalent. If this is not true, the Wickersham Committee certainly overlooked the one garden spot in our United States. . . .

I can reach any of my friends in greater New York in not more than thirty minutes of travel over a transportation system that is admittedly the safest in the United States. True, the cars are not perfumed or fitted out with plush seats — but are his? Do wet raincoats smell differently in Madison than in New York.

In the peace and all too solemn quietude of almost any village such as described by Mr. Meyer many of the inhabitants are, no doubt, content with their lot; mainly because they know nothing about anything better or finer. They do not have the spark of adventure to break loose and learn more of life. A few do. It is a well-known fact that many of the biggest men in New York are from just such humble districts. . . . New York is not made to order; neither is it the dismal, hateful, loathsome place that Mr. Meyer would have us believe. It is simply New York, the greatest, most interesting and vivid city in the United States — and I do not believe it would be a grave error to include the entire world.

EARL B. TECKEMEYER

New York, N. Y.

The Good Life

In an effort to learn something about the tastes and living habits of the people who read The Forum, we sent out questionnaires recently to a thousand subscribers all over the country. The following letter is one of the responses received.

To the Editor:

I read over your questionnaire and laid it aside as "another silly questionnaire" that meant nothing in my young life, but it stuck in my mind. I tried to work it out in percentages as requested and though I have a simple system of bookkeeping, probably peculiarly mine own, by which I know what happens to every dollar, I just couldn't answer your questions.

Now I thank you for it . . . it has given me some laughs and a picture of our philosophy of life that I hadn't grasped before and here it is if it will help in your survey:

Almost any Mid-Westerner with our income would have an automobile, electric refrigerator, washing machine, oil burner, and probably a trip to Europe, but not a maid, whereas we have a maid, but none of the others. We have a maid because, coming from the "slave holding class," our tradition is that every white family is responsible for at least one family of darkies and though it would be easier to do our own work than to bribe and cajole a darky into doing it, we know too well the price of idle darkies.

As for the other devices, instead we have had

1. Grandmother to care for in her "declining years," and she "declined" to change her habits of life or thought for anybody. For four years she was either in a hospital or had a special attendant for which "my dear son" (Friend Husband) had to pay. Also she "declined" to be buried anywhere but where she was born and arranged every detail of her funeral, even to the inscription on her tombstone.

2. When that was over, there was my Aunt Emmeline who had "always had her own home" and declined to live in anybody else's. Since she was the sort of person to whom anybody's home became hers the instant she entered it, it became the part of wisdom to pay her rent rather than insist upon any change in her mode of living. Besides which, we know she is rotten spoiled, but we love her dearly so we quietly took up that part of the burden that became too heavy for "poor Ben."

Having adjusted ourselves to that arrangement, we decided we could pay for an electric refrigerator on the installment plan, but Cousin Elizabeth needed teeth and Annabelle needed new glasses.

Said my son, "HOW do they know exactly how much we have to spare?"

Said I, "They don't, dear; we spare exactly what they need."

Brother Bob has an income of $20,000 or more a year, but he lives at the North and married a Northern girl. Their budget includes a good summer cottage as well as a winter home, with a good golf club attached to each; a car for himself and one for his wife; oil burners and electric refrigeration, but no teeth for Elizabeth or glasses for Annabelle . . . nor children for themselves.

His wife thinks we are "very improvident" because we haven't even an electric refrigerator, but she admits, though grudgingly, that ours is "an awfully nice" *little* place. She also has a wholesome,

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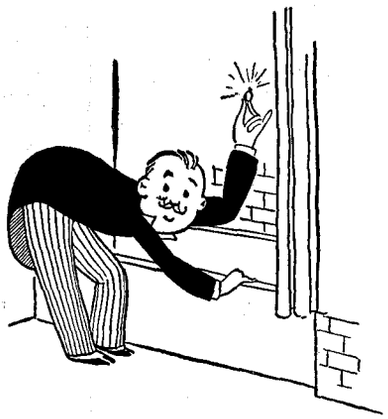

$3,000 RING *found in bath tub*

THIS departing guest was frantic: A $3,000 diamond ring lost—and he couldn't wait to look for it. With agony in his voice, he called the United Manager. Three hours go by. The guest has gone, but the manager is still on the job.

A wild idea—the Manager pokes a flash-light down the bath tub drain—there's a faint sparkle—plumbers arrive, the drain gives up a $3,000 ring.

Another true story proving that United Managers do the impossible in finding lost articles. This extra service costs the hotel money? Yes, but what of it. Extra service is taken for granted at United Hotels, just like larger rooms per dollar—and handy garage accommodations.

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KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.W.I. . The Constant Spring

UNITED HOTELS

Our Rostrum

though unwilling, respect for the real ease with which we entertain any and all comers, for our friends, and, especially, for our "influence" in the family.

All I get out of their visits is a stab of pain through my heart and an awful lump in my throat when I see the expression in Brother Bob's eyes when they rest on my children.

Any way you look at it, "Southerners haven't any sense."

By the way, we do have silver, linen, china, and glass, some of it pretty good, and even a high-boy. What we didn't inherit (and we are the "younger members") we bought because, in our thinking, those are necessities. Also, anybody in the family invites anybody to any meal or to share his bed, whenever he likes.

I could tell you how we do it and how much it costs, in the aggregate, but we belong to a special and diminishing group and nobody really wants to know.

We save a little, carry sufficient insurance, buy an occasional book and a number of magazines (as THE FORUM), little of the drama because little comes to our town; get most of our music over the radio, but treat it as we do picture shows . . . pick out what seems worth our time and attention, which is not a great proportion of what is offered. Not a great deal of travel, but a little. When you suggest a "problem of planning lives" you are not talking to this family . . . ours seems to have been planned generations ago and still to be going strong. And nobody need worry about it; we love it. Our friends talk about the "peacefulness" of this household, but it is only thus impersonally that I can explain that it can all be summed up in that fact that

The Rule of This House is Love.

Having spoken with such extreme frankness, you will understand that it is only becoming that I should remain

ANONYMOUS

[EDITOR'S NOTE: — *The Forum awards with pleasure its monthly prize of twenty dollars to this charming letter. If the author will communicate with the Editor, the cheque will be forwarded. Anonymity will be protected.*]

Mr. Fish Knows Very Well . . .

To the Editor:

So Mr. Hamilton Fish, Jr. does not believe that the loans to the veterans will cost the taxpayers one red cent! (See July FORUM) "Look," says Mr. Fish, "the amount loaned is deducted from the face value of the adjusted payment certificate and the veteran pays 4% or 4½% compound interest on what he has borrowed. How can the government lose on such a deal?" Now, Mr. Fish, you know too much about American history to talk that-a-way. You know very well, Mr. Fish, that those loans will never be repaid, nor will the interest on them be paid; you know very well that many veterans borrowed on their certificates (and did so wisely) because they felt sure that the "loan" would cost them nothing; you know very well that before 1945 arrives, the old "patriotic" (God save the mark!) ballyhoo will be organized and set up and you know very well that it will be costly for most members of Congress if they oppose it; you know very well that the "loan" of 1931 was simply another raid on the Treasury in the sacred but prostituted name of patriotism. Why not quit your kiddin', Mr. Fish?

LLOYD M. COSGRAVE
Muncie, Indiana

More Comments on the Beard Plan

Charles Beard's "A 'Five-Year Plan' for America" (July FORUM) continues to provoke varying comments from those interested in our economic future. Last month's Rostrum contained the opinions of several captains of industry who had seen advance copies of Mr. Beard's Plan, and here are presented excerpts from letters sent in by general readers.

"Mr. Beard's article is one of the finest pieces of ably expressed thinking that has come to my attention in years. It is to be hoped that the wisdom of his paper will receive more than the usual attention at Washington." (L. Salvador Sanderson, Corpus Christi, Texas.) "Mr. Beard's Plan was a great disappointment. He seems to think only of production — planned, unified, more efficient, large-scale production. It is my belief that production, even in individual agricultural operations, is already so voluminous as to be tragically out of balance with consumption. . . . I suggest that the plan which America — and the whole world — needs will contain, as its central theme, a thoroughgoing solution of the problem of distribution: I don't mean the distribution of commodities, but the distribution of wealth." (Wendell Bull, Middletown, New York.) "The Plan must apparently be administered by idealistic bureaucrats who believe the things that Mr. Beard believes." (Quentin M. Sanger, Putnam, Connecticut.) "Mr. Beard's article is a good start — but how can the millions be reached rather than the thousands? I am tired of generalities myself, and therefore ask, what is the next thing to do?" (Robert G. Wulff, Los Angeles, California.) "So long as the motives of our economic leaders remain the same, and so long as our politicians remain the same, the effectiveness of Mr. Beard's Plan will be as evanescent as the dreams of youth." (Eugene J. Hoehman, Toledo, Ohio.)

"Mr. Beard's Plan is the best solution that has thus far been offered for the dilemma in which America now finds

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Our Rostrum

itself." (E. A. Cross, Greeley, Colorado.)

"Professor Beard's Plan is a modified form of Sovietism which he, as an economist and historian, must surely recognize as very difficult of accomplishment." (Frank Stevens, Charlestown, Massachusetts.)"

"While it seems doubtful that the Beard Plan will go without severe opposition, especially if taken seriously by the government, yet obviously some such program must be worked out unless greater disasters than we have yet experienced are to be expected in the future." (Carlton Williams, Poplar Grove, Illinois.)

Jesse Lasky's Opinion

To the Editor:

My opinion in regard to the Beard Plan is as follows.

Any plan that will put to work 5,000,000 unemployed, or a large percentage of them, is commendable, providing it does not upset the industrial structure of the country. Our present industrial system is the result of many years of careful growth. It has stood and weathered many storms and tests, and even in the face of the present industrial landslide it is not to be set aside lightly, or suddenly encumbered with experimental relief programs.

Fundamentally the depression is world-wide — one nation's troubles interlocking with another's, and all of them feeling separately and jointly the gigantic industrial awakening of Russia. The products, both manufactured and raw, which this one country is preparing to saddle onto an already overproduced world will, no doubt, call for a reorganization of every other nation's trade policies, but this adjustment may well be accomplished within the structures themselves. It is a matter of supply and demand, which constantly faces every business.

This Russian invasion can be compared to a deluge suddenly falling upon a well-regulated reservoir, and the resultant flood overflowing retaining banks and countryside. Eventually, after reaching its peak, the flood must subside. Then the waters which remain will find a common level — the world's trade will become adjusted to Russia's influx of production.

Any new plan can only act as an anæsthesia of old standards, but it cannot bring us back into the commercial security of the past. The past is a closed book; the present represents the first pages of a new one, whose "finis" won't be written for many years to come.

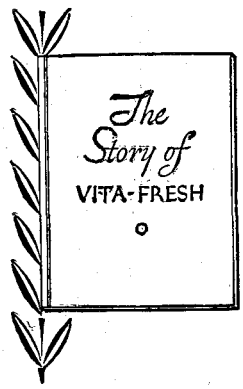
When a nation the size of Russia goes to *work*, a new step forward in the evolution of world trade is taking place. It remains for us to work with the situation in an orderly manner until the adjustment has been accomplished.

JESSE L. LASKY

New York, N. Y.

GENERAL FOODS ANNOUNCES A NEW RESEARCH ACHIEVEMENT..

VITA-FRESH



VITA-FRESH, the latest research achievement of General Foods, is a complete solution to the problem of coffee freshness. It has already been applied to Maxwell House Coffee, one of General Foods' 20 nationally advertised products.

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Probability that the new process may be made available to other packers is disclosed in the announcement that the American Can Company has been authorized to grant the use of it to other coffee roasters.

"The Story of Vita-Fresh," a booklet which should be of interest to both housewife and business man, will be sent to you free upon request.

GF

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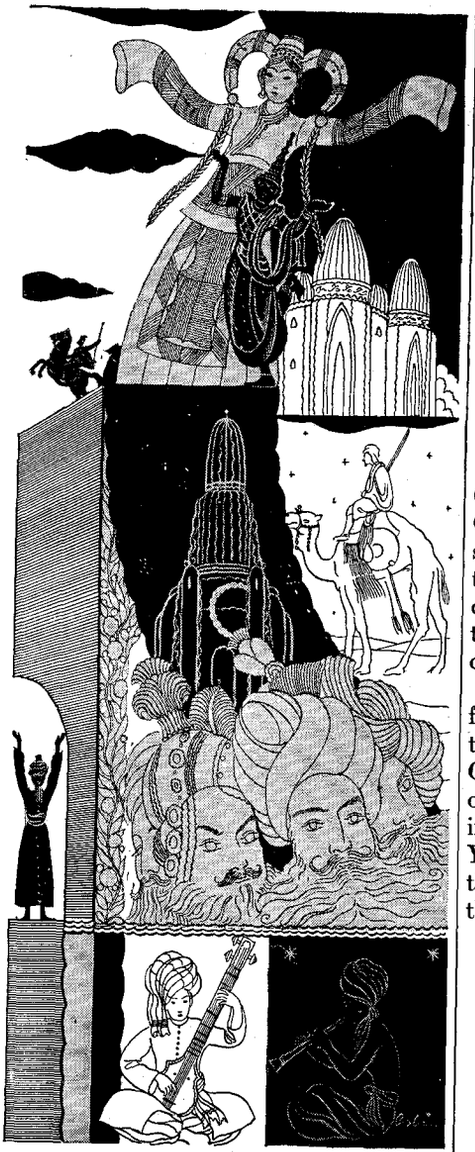

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TRAVEL

Cape to Cairo

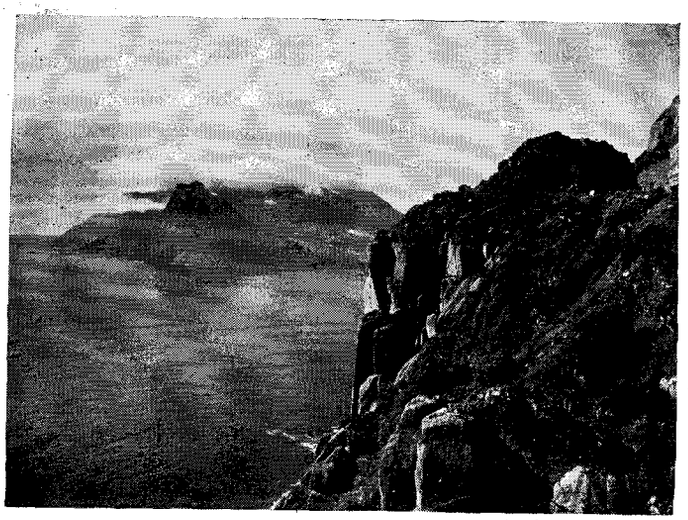
by **JAMES J. FREDERICK**

TWO MIGHTY landmarks — at Cape Town, Table Mountain and at Cairo, the Pyramids — mark the opposite ends of an 8,000 mile trail which leads through forests, mountains, and deserts, over picturesque rivers and vast lakes, and traverses the very heart of the ever fascinating and mysterious land of Africa.

The idea of undertaking the trip was forced upon me suddenly one afternoon in the loggia of the Mount Nelson Hotel at Cape Town. Two ladies who had just come overland from Cairo to Cape Town, learning that I was expecting to return to New York, were most insistent I should take that route. At first the idea startled me, then interested me, and before the day was over I knew I was in for it. It was like contracting a cold. There was simply no stopping it.

A week later, with an itinerary planned by the local railroad office in my pocket, I was racing northward by rail across the great brown spaces of the Karoo. A jump of 700 miles brought Kimberley, the far famed "diamond city," and three hundred miles farther north came Johannesburg, built upon a reef of gold of staggering dimensions. Then on through the native territories of Bechuanaland, where I got my first real glimpse of the primitive peoples of Africa. At stopping places en route, they came to offer quaintly carved curios for sale.

Five hundred miles farther north is Bulawayo, "place of slaughter," formerly the kraal of the bloodthirsty Matabele Chief, Lobengula. Now we were in Rhodesia and the spirit of Rhodes seemed to hang not only over his lonely granite grave in the Matopo Hills, but over all the great territory which he claimed for his fatherland. He it was who first conceived the colossal idea of a Cape to Cairo route. He visualized the ends of the continent linked up, settled with large cities and prospering industries. "The railways," he prophesied, "shall be my right hand, and the telegraph my speech and voice."



South African Railways

Coast Line Near Cape Town

Another three hundred miles and I was at the Victoria Falls. Although Rhodes never lived to see the Falls, he had expressed a wish that the railroad bridge should be so placed that the wind would blow the spray from the Falls against the windows of passing trains, and his wish has been carried out. After two days — which were really insufficient to view this masterpiece of nature, still in its virgin setting as first seen by Livingstone seventy-five years ago — we were again thundering northward by the Rhodesian Railways. Here the country was level, bush-covered, and sun-splashed, and at wayside

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stations we got glimpses of the hardy settlers whose only contact with civilization was the railroad. As we passed on, our last sight of them would be driving their flivvers back out into the blue.

Thirty-six hours farther to the north brought Sakania, the border of the Belgian Congo. Here we changed trains while an Immigration officer examined passports, visas, and medical certificates. Then onward by the Belgian Congo Railway to Elizabethville, which was reached at six the next morning. Elizabethville was frankly uninteresting, and we were almost glad when the early afternoon found us at the station again embarking on a train for the north.

The next morning we arrived at Bukama, the end of the first section of our journey. We had traveled 2,600 miles from Cape Town by railroad in as great a degree of comfort as is found in modern railroad transportation in the United States, but now we felt that at last we were entering Central Africa. Native porters in scanty garb befitting the climate — for it was almost unpleasantly warm — clamored about us and shouldered our baggage. It was only a matter of 200 yards to the river where the steamer was waiting, and by nightfall we were many miles down the Lualaba River. This is a tributary of the Congo, and what romance that name conjured up. Four days and nights we spent upon this little paddle steamer and, except for one occasion when we ran upon a sand bar, they were relatively uneventful. I saw my first crocodile slithering off a sand bar into the water; brilliantly plumaged birds — such as befit the tropics — swayed in the papyrus along the banks; and in the distance there were always herds of antelopes grazing. The atmosphere was gloriously African.

EARLY ON a Saturday afternoon, Kabalo loomed up ahead. It was the end of our river trip, and after a final dinner on board we took up sleeper accommodations on a connecting train. At midnight the train creaked to a start and the next noon we landed at Albertville on the western shore of Lake Tanganyika, one of the major landmarks of the journey. What a beautiful sight that sheet of blue water is, with the mountains sloping steeply down into it from every side. The boat trip across the lake occupied twelve hours, and daybreak found us again on British soil at Kigoma, on the eastern shore of the lake. The customary Central African transportation system, the broad backs of native porters, hied our luggage to the Kigoma Hotel, an unpretentious affair whose proprietor did his best to please with the facilities at his disposal.

Here at Kigoma we encountered a romantic thrill. Hiring an automobile we drove out some five miles to Ujiji, where a

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Changes of Address

Notice of a change of address, to be effective with the October issue of FORUM must reach the Subscription Department by August 31.

The Post Office does not forward magazines, including FORUM, which are mailed under the Second Class Rate of Postage.

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Swimming pool, solarium, gymnasium, lounges; everything to make you enjoy your visit

Travel

simple brass plate affixed to a tree marks the spot where Stanley, after his terrific journey from the mouth of the Congo River, found that great missionary explorer, David Livingstone, in 1871.

Now we were in Africa proper — the Africa we had always read about — "the Africa of romance." The Tanganyika Railways hurried us to Tabora, a native town closely associated with days of slavery when long processions of dusky merchandise threaded a tortuous way via the Tabora slave markets to the coast at Dar-es-Salaam. We had time to borrow clubs and play a game of golf. It was no different from golf anywhere else, except that now and then when you pulled your stroke a little too near the edge of the fairway, a small dusky form would start out of the long grass, pounce on your ball with a yell, and vanish as suddenly as it had come. At first I was inclined to proclaim against this victimization, but I soon learned the placid philosophy of the locals, who humorously explained that a second-hand golf ball dealer had spread the rumour that native children could exact retribution from the white man for the slavery of their forefathers by bagging every available golf ball and bringing them to him.

Having trodden the old slave trails, we took train again and within sixteen hours reached Mwanza on the southern shore of Lake Victoria-Nyanza. Mwanza is a picturesque little spot with, strangely enough, a large Indian population. We did not see much of it, however, for our boat left the same evening. These steamers are very efficiently operated by the Kenya Government Railways, and two days later we zigzagged through subtropical little islands to disembark at Kisumu on the northeastern shore. There was no long wait at Kisumu and we were soon seeking our beds on a train bound for Nairobi.

Traveling behind wood-burning locomotives was a new experience and somewhat exciting, too, when large, glowing coals found their way through the windows and into one's blankets. The next midday found us at Nairobi, the metropolis of Central Africa and the equipping and jumping off point for all those "safaris" we had read so much about. We enjoyed Nairobi, its wide streets and pretentious public buildings, its comfortable homes and unaffected hospitality.

Our itinerary called for a three-day motor trip to Londgido. It took us through the very heart of the big game country, and the animals seemed to enjoy it as much as we did. Large herds of zebras, gnus, gazelles, antelopes, and giraffes would stand and stare and even move inquisitively nearer to the car, then kick up their heels and scamper in a circle, returning to have another look. We got some wonderful photographs, but did no

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shooting. On this trip, too, we passed through the country of the famous Masai tribe, and had an opportunity to meet and converse with them at the doorways of their *bomas*, our driver acting as interpreter.

THE NEXT day we left by rail for Jinja, a journey of some twenty-eight hours, and the present railhead of the Kenya Government Railways. We tarried there long enough to visit the Ripon Falls, over which the waters of Lake Victoria cascade to form the turbulent source of the River Nile, which flows into the Mediterranean 3,000 miles to the north. I had been in Egypt previously, but now I felt the sight of the river at Cairo would mean more to me. I had seen its very headwaters.

A short motor drive brought us to Kampala, the capital of Uganda, where we found comfortable lodging at the Imperial Hotel. Kampala is the largest native town in Central Africa, and is built on seven hills. The native mausoleums, the palace and parliament of the Native King, and the various missions and hospitals were most interesting to see.

Early the next morning we left on a four-day motor trip to the Mountains of the Moon. An excellent road wound through elephant grass and forests to Fort Portal, from where we drove up to N'dali Crater Lakes, a veritable fairyland of crystal pools set in a blaze of subtropical vegetation.

After another day at Kampala, we left again by car for Juba — a four-day trip through country of the greatest ethnological importance, of which the primitive Acholo and Lango tribes contributed the major interest. At Torit, we crossed the Sudan border and on arrival at Juba found the Sudan Government steamer waiting to convey us 1,600 miles down the Nile to Khartoum. The voyage occupied eight days, days made delightfully colorful by brilliantly plumaged birds in the papyrus, herds of elephants drinking along the banks, and varying types of Shilluk villages at stopping places en route.

Khartoum is too well known to warrant description. The rail trip through the Nubian desert to Wadi Halfa and the Nile boat trip to Shellal are well-traveled routes. The former occupies one and the latter two days. A day later we were in Cairo — the end of the trail.

For sixty days and over a distance of 8,000 miles, we had known Africa. We had got below the surface and come to understand and love it. By starting from Cape Town in late October, we had excellent weather throughout and never a hitch in the schedule of arrangements.

My greatest ambition in life is to do the trip again; only with twice the amount of time at my disposal.

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AS A DRAUGHT
from a mountain spring . . .

No spring-fed mountain stream splashing over jagged rocks is more invigorating than the refreshing draught that runs from the tap labeled "Ice Water" in every Statler bathroom. And, surely, none is more welcome to the traveler.

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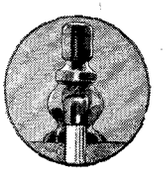

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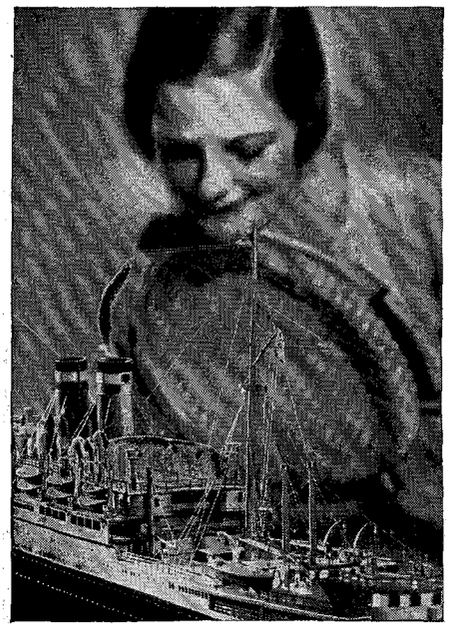

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Travel News

TRANSCONTINENTAL EXCURSIONS

NEVER have railroad fares between Eastern points and the Pacific Coast been so cheap as during this summer. While those lines west of the Mississippi have for some time made a practice of offering reduced excursion rates during the vacation months, Eastern lines have not followed their lead until this year. Now, however, thirty-day round trip fares — in effect until August 31 — are available, and as a consequence the cost of a journey from New York to, for example, San Francisco is about twenty-five dollars cheaper than before. Similar bargain prices may also be obtained for even shorter trips, for Eastern lines are making a twenty-five per cent reduction on fares to certain middle western points. These latter rates, however, are good only on trains which leave on Saturdays.

LABOR DAY HOLIDAYS

SINCE Labor Day provides the only three-day week-end of the summer, steamship and rail lines are making every effort to offer attractive excursions for it. One of the most inviting is the *Aquitania's* cruise to Nova Scotia — a land which is becoming increasingly popular as a place in which to spend a vacation. The ship embarks from New York at midnight, Friday, September 4, and returns the day after Labor Day. A similar, but longer, cruise may be taken on the *Cameronia*, which sails from New York on Sunday, August 30, and in eight days makes a tour which includes Nova Scotia, where one day is spent, and two days and nights in Bermuda. The rates for the *Aquitania's* excursion begin at fifty dollars, and those of the *Cameronia* at eighty-five dollars.

SOUTH AMERICAN CRUISE

A TRULY remarkable array of ports will be visited on the *Samaria's* tour to South America, which begins next February and ends, back in New York, on April 4. Havana, Mexico City, Panama, Trinidad, Rio de Janeiro, Santos, Montevideo, Buenos Aires, Bahia, Barbados, Martinique, and Bermuda — these are the features of this fifty-eight day cruise. In order to provide every advantage of traveling in a medium-sized group, the cruise will be limited to only 280 members. The rates begin at a thousand dollars.

MERCHANT MARINE

THIS AUTUMN will see the completion of six new merchant marine ships — built for the United Mail Steamship Company, a subsidiary of the United Fruit Company — which will run between the United States and Central American ports. The first two ships, the *Talamanca* and the *Segovia*, will be launched in mid-August, and the others between now and December. It is expected that passengers on these boats will be more than ordinarily comfortable in tropic waters, for in reality the ships are big refrigerating plants which must be cool in order to preserve the fruit cargo which they carry. The passenger accommodations are all first-class and each boat will contain beds for 120 persons. All rooms are outside rooms.

P & O

ALL Englishmen who go out East know the P & O boats, and so do all Americans who are well read in Kipling and Maugham. Since 1837 this line has been transporting the English from their island to their colonies. It is now suggested that Americans who want to go around the world leisurely, and not on a special cruise, take advantage of the P & O service. The ships call at Gibraltar, Marseilles, Port Said (for Egypt and Palestine), thence going on to Bombay and Colombo. From Bombay you may travel across India by rail, visiting selected places of interest, and continue from Calcutta or Madras in a British India steamer for Rangoon, Penang, and Singapore, or continue by P & O from Colombo to Singapore, Hong Kong, Shanghai, and Yokahama. For the traveler going to Australia, one of the P & O boats continues direct from Colombo to Australia. On the other hand, one may proceed from Port Said down the east coast of Africa to Mombasa, Zanzibar, Dar-es-Salaam, or Beira, whence one can proceed to Bombay, en route to the interior of India and places beyond.

TRAVEL IN RUSSIA

ONE HEARS many contrasting reports about Russia these days, but one thing is certain — more and more Americans are including it in their European travel. Two cities usually comprise the average American's tour. The first, Leningrad, affords much sight-seeing: the Winter Palace (former residence of the Czar), the Fortress of Peter and Paul, and a day's excursion to Peterhof, the Russian Versailles. Moscow, of course, is the heart of Russia — the Center. Here a few outstanding points of interest are the Kremlin, with its walls, turrets, and secret chambers, Red Square, and the Revolutionary Museum. What people want to see in Russia now, however, are not historical landmarks, but evidences of the new life under the Soviets. This one cannot miss — even if one wanted to.

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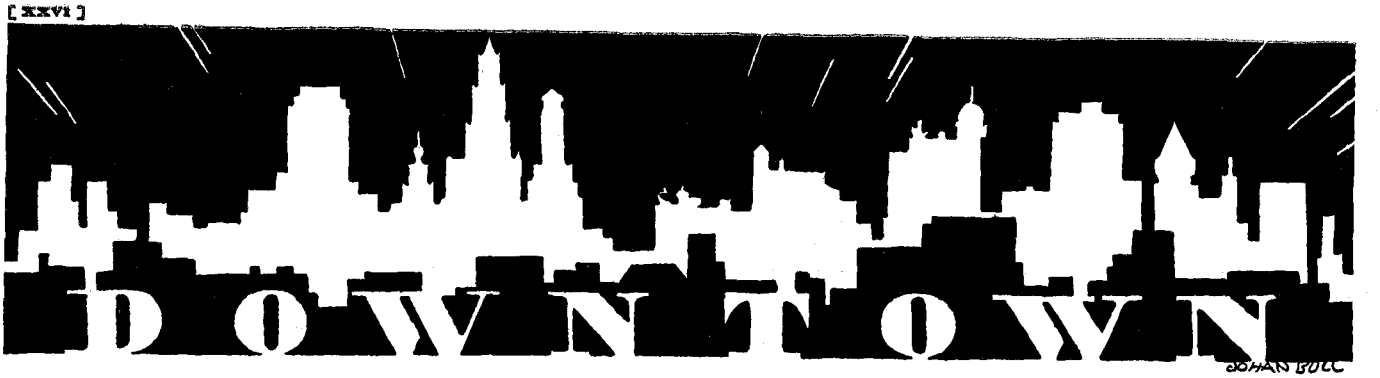

The Hoover Moratorium

by **DONALD REA HANSON**

No better illustration of the gravity of the world-wide financial problem created by the war and expanded by the burden of payment for the cost of that war has been afforded than in President Hoover's action last June, proposing a suspension of all reparation payments and inter-Allied war debts for a period of one year. Austria's largest bank had failed, a collapse that has been termed the greatest bank failure in history. The German Reichsbank was tottering. Europe was on the brink of an economic disaster of the first magnitude. And despite a smug belief in some quarters of the United States that we are economically isolated from the problems of the rest of the world, some 6,000,000 men were unemployed in this country, profits of industry were reduced to the lowest comparative level in a generation, over 1500 banks had failed within a year, the United States Treasury was unable to balance its budget, and in all other respects we were in the throes of a depression of major dimensions, with many indications that conditions were going to become worse before they were better.

In the moment of crisis President Hoover turned to debt suspension as the immediate and most effective remedy. That he had gone directly to the root of the world's economic distress was spectacularly demonstrated by the immediate response in every important security market and commodity market in the world. From New York to Berlin, from London to Calcutta, and from Paris to Shanghai, markets reflected the new hope and business men all over the world began to take heart. Clouds of pessimism were dispelled overnight and business men began to be cheerful.

WAR DEBTS AND REPARATIONS

For the better part of ten years the question of cancellation of war debts has been an academic issue. The discussion never became very warm in this country, but it was widely debated in Europe, as might have been expected, since the immediate burden of payment rested most heavily there. The United States Government firmly refused to consider the question of war debts as one that was dependent upon reparation payments by Germany to the Allied nations. Sums owed to the United States Treasury by England, France, Italy, and other smaller nations were advanced in good faith during the war and our government took the position that it must demand repayment of those sums, in justice to its own citizens and taxpayers. It took a most lenient attitude in dealing with creditor nations. Interest rates on the balance due were scaled down to exceedingly low rates for some countries. England was somewhat of an exception, the average rate on her unpaid balance being computed at 3.8 per cent, partly because of Britain's unwillingness to haggle over the terms of a debt of honor and probably partly because of a desire to set an example, as a creditor nation, for other nations. Other nations received more favorable terms, Belgium paying 1.8 per cent, France 1.6 per cent, and Italy about ½ of one per cent.

In each instance, however, the sums due to these nations from Germany in the shape of reparations were greater than their obligations to the United States, the sole exception being England; but in this case England's receipts from war loans to other Allied nations merely equalled the balance, in accordance with the Balfour treaty. Although we refused to link these debts with reparation payments, their actual relationship is obvious. Furthermore, while the aggregate face value of war debts owed to the United States is about $11,600,000,000, the method of scaling down interest payments was such that if they were to be sold in the market to-day they probably could not be capitalized at more than two-thirds of the sum at current interest rates.

Far-sighted economists recognized some years ago that the matter of funding these war debts was only half of the problem. The real difficulty was in transferring from debtors to creditors the sums due. As has often been pointed out meanwhile, international debts must be settled in gold, goods, or credit. During the war we amassed most of the world's available monetary gold, in payment for goods shipped abroad. Starting two or three years after the war, we began to extend huge long-term credits abroad. In settlement of the war debts, plus the excess of merchandise which foreign nations bought here, above what they sold to us, and plus other obligations due to us, long-term foreign credits were extended. These took the form of bonds of Germany, France, and other nations, which were frequently offered in the New York market.

But credit is only deferred payment in goods. We were maintaining our export trade balance largely by grace of these foreign loans during this period. It is, perhaps, more than a coincidence that the sum total of our export trade balance since 1914 closely parallels the sum of our gold imports plus foreign bond financing. In 1929 the volume of foreign financing diminished, cutting off a source of Europe's payments to us. Commodity prices began to drop, security markets to fall, and the burden of transferring sums due in reparations, on one side, and war debts, on the other, began to manifest itself more tangibly. The fall in prices alone had the effect of increasing the burden of debt by nearly 30 per cent, since more goods were needed to satisfy a given million-dollar obligation than was the case on the old level.

Thereafter, more began to be heard in this country about the advisability of cancelling inter-Allied debts. Albert H. Wiggin, chairman of the Governing Board of the Chase National Bank of New York, said at the annual meeting of stockholders last January, "I am firmly convinced that it would be good business for our Government to initiate a reduction in these debts at this time." Similar opinions were expressed by Paul M. Warburg and other international bankers,

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solely on the ground, be it observed, that it would be good business. No particular display of sentiment or sympathy for Europe was involved. It was honestly believed that if these debts were cancelled, business activity would revive, pay rolls would increase, tax receipts would grow, and the government would gain more revenue than the $240,000,000 odd that it would lose annually by cancellation.

FOREIGN BANK FAILURES

By May, 1931, matters had come to a head — spectacularly. The Austrian Credit Anstalt, the largest bank in that country, suffered an impairment of capital funds; a great run, in fact, and practically failed. The menace to Austrian business, in particular, and to European business, in general, was so great that the Austrian Government substantially guaranteed the bank's obligations; but even that government was not strong enough. Appeals for aid were sent to London, Paris, Berlin, and New York and credit was promptly forthcoming. Meanwhile, distrust of the European situation began to be evident abroad. Heavy withdrawals of funds from Germany followed, largely taking the form of withdrawals by Americans of funds invested in that country. Inside of a month Germany's gold supply was reduced from 2,370,000,000 reichsmarks to 1,411,000,000 and the ratio of gold reserve to note circulation dropped from 68 per cent to 40.1 per cent, as against a legal minimum reserve of 40 per cent. Then came President Hoover's dramatic proposal, sanctioned by assurances from members of both parties in this country that his negotiations to this end would be supported in Congress.

Mr. Hoover made it clear that he proposed a suspension of war debt payments for one year only, and that it was an emergency measure. He reiterated the policy of this government, that it was opposed to debt cancellation. And he specified that cancellation by the United States Government of debts due to its Treasury was dependent upon similar cancellation by foreign powers of sums owing them in the form of reparations from Germany.

That President Hoover turned to suspension of the international debts for one year as a measure of relieving the world-wide economic chaos must be considered as pretty good evidence of the underlying responsibility of this debt situation for the world financial crisis. Naturally the question now is: Will it not be recognized, when the one-year suspension period expires, that cancellation of these international debts is good business? That, of course, depends upon the course of financial and business trends in the com-

HAERLEM COMMUTERS LEFT BY STAGE FROM THE FOOT OF BOWERY LANE

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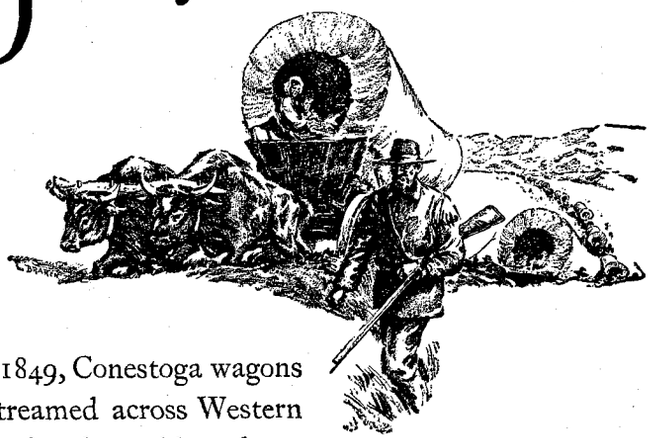
ing year. If debt suspension results in a better feeling in business circles and results in a moderate revival of business activity, the prospect would seem to favor a popular demand for general revision of these debts at the very least.

The first enthusiastic response in world markets to the Hoover plan unquestionably reflected merely snap judgment. The effectiveness of the plan remains to be tested. Nevertheless, the fact that prices on all of the leading commodity market exchanges strengthened materially following the debt proposal cannot be dismissed lightly. The upward reaction in the security markets may not have proved anything more than a natural expression of relief over the fact that steps were being undertaken to avoid a complete financial collapse in Germany and Austria. But a continuation of the recovery in the security markets would afford a commentary upon the President's program.

Many shrewd observers hold the opinion that, whether business improves or becomes worse in the next twelve months, a tremendous body of opinion will be developed in this country in favor of a revision of international war debts, if not cancellation. The argument is, substantially, that if business improves meanwhile, the beneficial effect of suspension of the debts would be such that nobody would care to see payments resumed, especially if serious consequences might have to be faced once more. And at the same time, the same observers feel that if business does not recover during the coming year, public sentiment will be such that there will be a demand for reductions in these debts as a matter of protection for that which we already have.

American private investments in Germany are enormous. At latest estimates they exceeded $2,500,000,000. A situation which involves the stability of this sum of private investments is not one that can be ignored.

Forty-Niners



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LOW TARIFF OR DEBT CANCELLATION

DEFINITE reactions to the debt cancellation issue will appear in political circles in the next year.

Already those who are keenly sensitive to the trend of thought in Washington feel that the Republican party may display a strong degree of sympathy in favor of reduction in these debts, with insistence upon a stiff protective tariff, and that the Democratic party may reveal a firmer position with respect to debts, insisting that reduction in the tariff offers a reasonable solution of the international problem.

The latter view is not without considerable defense on economic grounds. One of the leading British bankers stated last winter that "it is that portion of the indebtedness of the world to America which will not be accepted in goods or securities that is causing the flow of gold to America. And the maldistribution of gold is a contributory factor to the current trade depression." Since then the gold situation has been proved a contributory factor to the financial crisis as well. The reference to refusal to accept payment in goods simply means that owing to the high tariff certain items produced in Europe cannot be sold in America. Since Europe's chief products cannot be marketed here, balances owing us are difficult to settle.

Traditionally, America is committed to a protective tariff and it may prove exceedingly difficult to demonstrate to the electorate here that a low tariff is essential to European economic rehabilitation, purely as a matter of good business for America. But we cannot have our cake and eat it too. Debt cancellation, on one hand, and tariff modification, on the other, offer a remedy for the revival of world trade. The sooner we make our choice, the sooner will business recover.

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Investment Literature

We present to our readers the following list of booklets issued by reputable financial houses with the belief that they may be helpful in the solution of investment problems. Copies of these booklets will be furnished free upon request.

UNITED FOUNDERS CORPORATION REPORT FOR YEAR ENDED NOV. 30, 1930, showing a complete list of portfolio holdings together with earnings statement, may be obtained from Allied General Corporation, 49 Wall Street, New York City.

INVESTING IN OPPORTUNITY. A description of the electric system owned by the American Water Works and Electric Company, Inc. Copy upon request. American Water Works and Electric Company, Inc., 50 Broad St., New York City.

A CHAIN OF SERVICE. A booklet describing and illustrating the history and development of the Associated Gas and Electric System. Copy upon request. Associated Gas & Electric Company, 61 Broadway, New York City.

THE LIFE INSURANCE TRUST. An outline of the program to be followed in arranging for the administration of your estate, with particular reference to insurance trusts and the benefits to be derived from such a plan. Bank of New York and Trust Company, 48 Wall Street, New York City.

CITIES SERVICE COMMON AS A PERMANENT INVESTMENT. This booklet describes the activities of Cities Service Company and its subsidiaries; also discusses common stock for investment, with special reference to the past history and future possibilities of Cities Service Common stock. Henry L. Doherty & Co., 60 Wall Street, New York City.

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL FOODS. A description of the widespread variety of products manufactured and sold by the General Foods Corporation and the history of the various companies combined in this group. Booklet upon request. General Foods Corporation, 250 Park Ave., New York City.

23 YEARS OF SUCCESS. A booklet telling about the financial condition of the company; its method of doing business without agents; its diversified investments, and the wide distribution of its benefits. Postal Life Insurance Co., 511 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Continued on next page

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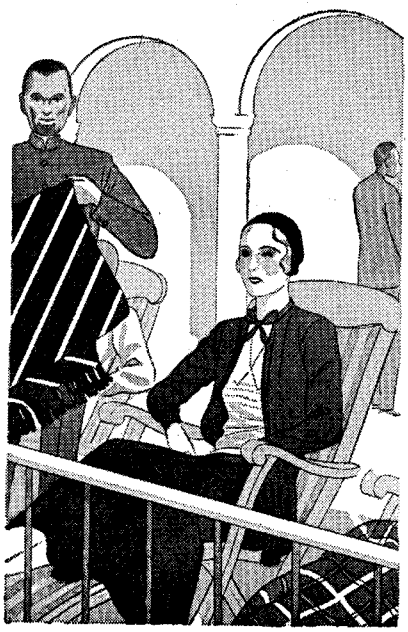

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BONDS — QUESTIONS ANSWERED — TERMS DEFINED. A reference book for bond buyers, covering questions which experience indicates are most frequently asked; non-technical definitions of bond terms are included. Halsey, Stuart & Co., 201 So. La Salle Street, Chicago, Ill.

THE JOHN HANCOCK HOME BUDGET. A guide in home budgeting, showing the proper apportionment of income to fit average needs: the amount to be allowed for rent, clothes, insurance, and other savings. Budget sheet sent upon request by Inquiry Bureau, The John Hancock Mutual Life Insurance Co., 197 Clarendon Street, Boston, Mass. Please enclose 2c for postage.

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HOW TO GET THE THINGS YOU WANT. A booklet which outlines how life insurance can be used to advantage in any investment program and describes the uses and purposes of various policies, particularly retirement income policies and others for special needs. Phoenix Mutual Life Insurance Company, 493 Elm Street, Hartford, Conn.

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These booklets may be obtained by addressing the firms listed or

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FORUM MAGAZINE

441 Lexington Avenue NEW YORK

FORUM FINANCIAL SERVICE

Mr. Donald Rea Hanson, Editor of "Downtown," will be glad to give *Forum* readers his opinion regarding matters of investment. No advice regarding speculative operations will be given. Postage for reply should be enclosed.

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The FORUM
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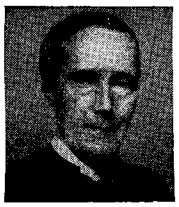
Midnight, December 31st—

the "deadline" on the most amazing book of our times, a book made up from the best of a year's thought of the whole world.



During that year great nations had been saved from disaster through the quiet leadership of a few wise men — bright-eyed zealots had pleaded in vain, but with impassioned eloquence, for lost and hopeless causes — suave diplomats, in far corners of the earth, had stayed a government's anger with the quick sparkle of immortal wit — guardians of the established order had re-affirmed the old faiths with new perfections of orthodox style, while pioneer evangelists had raised perplexing doubts with rough and ready rhetoric from stumps and cracker boxes.

It was a year in which the frontiers of human thought were carried forward through conquest and persuasion, a year in which men and women of many races said or wrote a thousand brilliant, important, and stirring things, in contribution to the history of our times as well as to the literature of all times.

In **The American and European Scrap Books** the best and most significant passages from thousands of dollars worth of books, magazines, special reports, and newspapers have been preserved through painstaking and skillful editing. Speeches, public addresses, debates, sermons, conferences, and lectures have been reviewed in the search for the vital fact or message to contribute to these two handsome, sumptuous volumes. No research ever covered as wide a range of sources; no compiler ever had at his command such an amazing array of contributors; and there is no comparable value among modern books.

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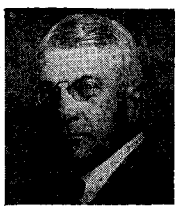

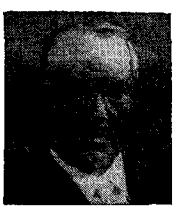

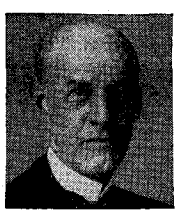

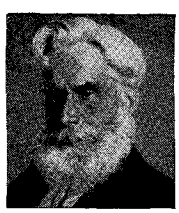

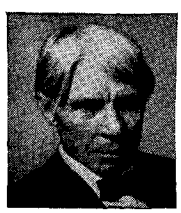

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TOASTS

AN OFFICIAL position in Washington prevents JAY FRANKLIN from writing under his real name. Protected by a pseudonym which recalls, he says, the two most vigorous and level-headed statesmen of the young American Republic, he published recently that witty and outspoken book, *What This Country Needs*, and is a regular contributor of political articles to *Vanity Fair*. Mr. Franklin, aware of his own iconoclasm, says candidly that it is to the credit of the Hoover Administration that it has placed no impediment in his way and has permitted him to make what political observations he pleased.

OSWALD G. VILLARD

EARLY in June HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON returned to this country after a three years' residence in the village of Veere, which is, he says, the one spot in the Low Countries where the seventeenth century has been continued without noticeable interruption. The last new house was built in 1582, and it has never heard of electricity or street cars or railroads or water that comes out of a spigot. In short, an admirable place in which to write a book about the seventeenth century — and the place where Mr. Van Loon wrote *R.v.R.*, the story of his medical ancestor who was a friend of Rembrandt's. When the book was done, he packed up his trunks, bought Noodle, the dachshund, a new collar, and returned to America, since, he says, "at forty-eight — or is it forty-nine? — I am too young to be buried alive in the seventeenth century and may as well come back to earth in the twentieth." Mr. van Loon, as everybody knows, is the author of *The Story of Mankind*. Though his activities have included cartooning and the writing of advertising copy, history is his real profession, and he at one time taught at Cornell University and Antioch College. His last contribution to THE FORUM, a companion piece to his present article, was "The Twelve Greatest Dates," which appeared in September, 1930.

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, Editor of *The Nation*, has lately returned from eight months in Europe where he was studying journalistic and political conditions. From 1897 to 1918, Mr. Villard was owner and editor of the *New York Evening Post*. His family has been in journalism since 1818, when his grandfather, William Lloyd Garrison, the Abolitionist, became a printer's devil on the Newburyport *Herald*. Mr. Villard himself is, of course, a distinguished liberal and an ardent champion of free speech. He is an authority on American journalism, about which he has written such books as *Newspapers and Newspaper Men*.

CHARLES R. WALKER was once introduced on a lecture platform as the only man who ever graduated from a job on an open-hearth steel furnace to the staff of the *Atlantic Monthly*. Mr. Walker was born in 1893 in Concord, New Hampshire, where his family has lived since 1736. He is immensely interested in the American industrial scene, and worked for several years in steel, copper, brass, and rubber mills. He became Assistant Editor of the *Atlantic Monthly* in 1922, and since then has worked on the *Independent* and on the *Bookman*. "Although," he says, "most of my writing is concerned with criticism of American conditions, I would live nowhere else. I loathe expatriates as I loathe American near-beer." Mr. Walker is the author of three books: *Steel: the Diary of a Furnace Worker*, *Bread and Fire*, and *Our Gods Are Not Born*.

WILLIAM BENNETT MUNRO, professor of history and government at the California Institute of Technology, is enjoying a year of service as President of the American Association of University Professors — an organization which is known to the irreverent as the "professors' union." Mr. Munro, who has had practical political and journalistic experience, is a frequent contributor to THE FORUM and is widely known through his writings.

WILLIAM B. MUNRO

FRANCES M. FROST is the author of two books of poetry, *Hemlock Wall* and *Blue Harvest*, and hopes to finish a third this summer at the MacDowell Colony. She has been teaching Creative Poetry for the past two years at the University of Vermont, is married, and has a four-year-old son and a two-year-old daughter.

FORMERLY at Amherst and at Reed College, C. E. AYRES is now professor of economics at the University of Texas. He was once on the staff of *The New Republic* and is the author of *Science: The False Messiah*. His present contribution is a sequel to another article on science and religion which was published in our August number.

W. BÉRAN WOLFE is Director of the Community Church Mental Hygiene Clinic in New York. He was formerly assistant to Dr. Alfred Adler in Vienna, and has translated several of Dr. Adler's books. "You will probably," he writes, "have a great many queries as to whether or not I put my theories into practice. I have: being happily married, at this date, all of six weeks." Dr. Wolfe's article will be included in his forthcoming book, *How To Be Happy Though Human*.

MARGARET EMERSON BAILEY, who has appeared frequently in THE FORUM, and who has contributed verse, short stories, and essays to a number of magazines, will publish this fall her first book of poems, *White Christmas*.

SINCE 1921, when he published his first book, *Adam and Eve and Pinch Me*, A. E. COPPARD has rapidly been acquiring a reputation as one of the most distinguished of English short story writers. Born in 1878, he went to work at the age of nine and later was a clerk in Brighton and Oxford until he was forty-one. In his twenties he competed in professional sprint races — and bought books with his prize money. Several volumes of his short stories have been published in America.

RUDOLPH SPRECKELS of San Francisco, President of the Spreckels Sugar Corporation and of several investment and realty companies, is one of America's most prominent and enlightened business men. He has always been interested in civic reform, and in 1906 organized and financed the San Francisco graft prosecution. BYRON W. HOLT of New York is a well known financial writer who was formerly editor of *Moody's Magazine* and is now associated with Goodbody and Company. He has published a number of works on the tariff and currency reform.

FRANK R. KENT, one of our foremost political writers, conducts a daily column on politics in *The Baltimore Sun*. Since his last appearance in THE FORUM he has published two books, *The History of the Democratic Party* and *Political Behavior*, and has been elected a member of the Pulitzer Prize Board at Columbia.

FOR seven years CHRISTIAN GAUSS has been Dean of the College at Princeton, although he stoutly maintains that he did not raise himself to be a dean, and formerly had other and honorable ambitions. He wishes it carved on his tombstone that he once was — and still is — a professor of literature, numbering among his pupils F. Scott Fitzgerald, John Peale Bishop, and Edmund Wilson — who dedicated *Axel's Castle* to his former teacher. Last year Dean Gauss published a book called *Life in College*.

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